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A Warning from Leyland

The number of working days lost in strikes has, over the last two years, been lower than at any period since the early 1950s; it is also lower, when like is compared with like, than in the majority of industrial nations. The improvement has done a great deal to clear the reputation of 'strike-happy Britain' – and the Government and the TUC have taken a quite legitimate pride in creating and maintaining this record. The main implement has of course been the pay code, popularly if inaccurately known as the social contract. The official incomes policy, though for political reasons it is not described as statutory, is in fact virtually compulsory. In such conditions it is impossible to win a strike in the traditional way; even if employers are willing to concede wage increases, they plead that they are forbidden to do so. The veto is backed by the full force of the Government's authority, exercised – and in this crucial respect the authority of this Labour government is greater than that of its Tory predecessor – with the support of the TUC. A demand need only to be shown to be 'outside the social contract' to be ruled out of court. The point not always grasped is this: if groups of workers, and indeed unions, decide not to strike, that may well be because they see that it would be pointless and not because they agree that it would be unjustified.

As the case of the National Union of Seamen showed in September 1976, it is generally possible in the last resort to prevent a union from taking strike action. The executive committee (a group easily gathered in one room) can be argued with and hectored, and faced with the threat of suspension from the TUC. The case of the Leyland toolroom workers presents a different problem. The decision to strike is taken by an *ad hoc* organisation. Of the 6,000 toolroom workers, about half did not favour the strike and, in the absence of a call from their union, did not take part in it. The 3,000 who did strike are enough to bring the plants to a standstill. Since each decision was individual, it must be assumed that these 3,000 men are utterly convinced of the merits of their case. Threats of disciplinary action might do more harm than good. Unions nowadays cherish their responsiveness to rank-and-file feeling; the last thing that leaders such as Jack Jones and Hugh Scanlon want is a return to the Deakin era, when any 'unofficial' strike was treated like an army mutiny. The outcome was simply a loss of confidence in the leaders.

Differentials are not a cause embodying great moral nobility. At the best, they render wage negotiations intractably complex; at the worst, they have unpleasant overtones of snobbery and of callousness toward the real penury of lower-paid workers. It is necessary, all the same, to see the toolroom worker's point of view. He has taken the trouble to acquire skill and shoulder responsibility. He knows too that he and his kind are essential to industrial progress – more so, in his well-founded view, than the £9,000-a-year managers who utter so many complaints. He would say that, if his value is not to be recognised in cash terms, and if he is forbidden even to maintain his living standards, he might as well advise his son to choose the less responsible life of an unskilled worker, or else emigrate. While his pay is rigidly limited, he enjoys no perks and pays an unpleasant amount of tax. He has noted that, even in the view of an egalitarian union leader like Jack Jones, some differentials ought to be restored in the course of the promised 'orderly return to collective bargaining'. He cannot be expected to feel guilty about trying to hasten the process.

When the veto of the pay code is defied by men like this, bred in the trade union tradition as they are, it is clear that the concordat maintained since 1975 is coming under serious strain. For renewal of the agreement, Mr Healey rests his hopes on a Budget which will put more money in the pockets of significant numbers of people – including managers but also, we trust, including toolroom workers. Significantly, the unions have declined this year to negotiate in advance of the Budget, for which the Chancellor therefore has sole responsibility. It had better be good.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Paralysis at Westminster

This is a very peculiar moment for John Biffen to retire on grounds of strain. True, there's the Leyland debate, about which the Tories have to be exceedingly careful and polite, in order not to upset the voters at Stechford. But apart from that, Mrs Abraham Lincoln, what's happening? The legislative programme has ground to a gentle halt, and the Government is giving everyone a rest. All over the Palace of Westminster people are looking at their watches at 6.30 and saying: Well, just one more, then I'm meeting the wife – have a spot of supper, early night, make the most of it.

Now is the time, if you happen to have a Bill you would like enacted, to push it forward. Devolution had been taking two days a week, so there is plenty of spare time. My own view is that, since no controversial measure will ever get through, the remainder of this Government's life should be spent in re-enacting famous debates of the past. These would make popular television and would keep MPs out of harm's way. I should like to see the Reform Bill debates, but perhaps it would be more appropriate to start with a few dramatic reconstructions of the Rump Parliament.

As it is, there have been some frightful *longueurs*. On Monday I tooled along to the Select Committee on Expenditure to hear Sir Harold Wilson's views on the Treasury. I had to leave very quickly, since it was apparent from everybody's face that the proceedings were asphyxiatingly dull. Even the chairman, Michael English, looked bored. His face was set in the expression of a man who, having just popped it into his mouth and bitten in, discovers that he is eating a chocolate pilchard cream. At such moments, the face freezes while the owner of the face takes stock of the situation; the remnants of a smile are there, mingled with the anticipation of utter horror. Dare one spit it out, or must one gulp it down? *Can* one gulp it down without gagging? With such an expression did English face Wilson.

Meanwhile the cabinet have been discussing direct elections to the European Assembly (about which Phillip Whitehead writes on p.275). Friday's meeting was, one gathers, an amicable affair, the sort of amicable affair in which the participants say 'Let's not lose our tempers over this one, shall we?' Everyone knows that it could be a very messy business, and they do not want to tear the party to pieces over it. Callaghan was particularly concerned that the cabinet should remain united and cooperative. 'A fish rots from the head down,' he told his colleagues. (But *does* it? I should have thought the guts were the first bits to go.) So, after the amicable discussion, no decision was taken. Even those who are ardently against direct elections would prefer to be circumspect in public.

One of the cabinet opponents, however, outlined some of his reasons to me. It was unfortunate, he said, that a clear public commitment had been made by Wilson in Rome in December 1974. This commitment had been made without prior consultation in the cabinet – but there it was. The trouble with a directly elected assembly was that it could pose as an alternative government. It was a feature of our loss of sovereignty. For instance, if a European election were held in the middle of a Labour government's term of office, and a Tory majority was achieved, Mrs Thatcher could claim that the European members had the more recent mandate: we might move into an era of dual mandates. Nor had enough thought been given by people to the nature of the assembly itself. Direct elections were a move towards federalism.

It is not simply a question of fearing for Westminster. There are also fears on the Left of the Labour Party as to the effect holding direct elections will have on the party itself. Will it not split up into two organisms – a domestic and a European Labour Party? And how will the party organisers meet the demands of the election? How will it be financed? Who writes the Manifesto? Et cetera. Underlying all the objections is nothing more nor less than the old left-wing anti-European philosophy. If you approve of the EEC, of course you're going to be a bit impatient with all these queries. If you're a seasoned anti-Marketeer, you may be glad of the opportunity to fight over the old ground once again. Certainly you will resent being told, having been dragged so far, that it is now your duty to walk the last few steps on the road to perdition.

It is for this reason that Callaghan has to tread carefully. It is most dangerous for him to rely too heavily on Tory votes in order to get the measure through. If large sections of the Labour Party in the country and a significant proportion of the PLP feel that whole thing is wrong, they have at least to be humoured. If the ground is not better prepared than it was for devolution, it may well be that similar revolts will happen. This is, at least, what people fear – or hope.

Behind the hopes and fears over direct elections lies a more difficult problem: how to manage as a minority government. For if it is clear that Callaghan wishes everyone to stick together for the good of the party (well he would say that, wouldn't he?), it is no less certain that he would do anything rather than face a general election at the moment. The Government is little more than half-way through its term. How can the remainder be played?

The signs so far are hardly encouraging. Whatever the merits of the Direct Labour Bill, for instance, its last-minute postponement does look somewhat nervous. How many such postponements can Callaghan afford, before the impotence of his Government becomes notorious? The choice of strategy which faces Callaghan at the moment is between playing so safe he seems timid, and playing dangerously but risking a few defeats. 'People understand defeats,' said one minister to me, 'what they don't understand is inactivity. The alternative is to do what an American president does when blocked by Congress – be rough, denounce the Congress as a do-nothing Congress.' Then when you go to the country, at least you go as someone who's got ideas.

The trouble with this philosophy is that, if followed too vigorously, it might land Labour with an early election on the banal slogan 'Who runs Britain – Labour or Conservative?' to which the electorate might, with one voice, make the banal reply: 'Conservative!' And that would be that. The recurrent nightmare of Labour politicians, that the Tories inherit the oil and are guaranteed another 13-year term, returns to haunt the argument.

Certainly things are going very well for the Tories. The gods are at the moment on their side. For instance, even though every single clause of the Aircraft and Shipbuilding Bill had been carried twice through the Commons, the Government was forced to step down on the shiprepairing section, not by the Lords but by the clerks of both houses. Nevertheless, this was a Tory victory. Devolution was also a Tory victory (even though it was only made possible by a Labour revolt, and at some future cost to the party). Indeed, it is a condition of opposition – and something of a compensation – that government failures look like opposition victories. Mrs Thatcher must be well satisfied with the way things are working out.

Excepting, of course, the resignation of Biffen, a politician of whom she has always spoken (in public and private) with the greatest admiration. Why did he do it? According to one colleague, the problem lay in the very success he was enjoying. He simply couldn't stand the strain of such a good press. He couldn't bear being considered so promising. He hated being so much admired. If this is so, his career may not, after all, be finished. An excess of public admiration is, after all, not a traditional problem at the Treasury, which was where it was always assumed he would end up.

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Phillip Whitehead

Dithering over Direct Elections

What *is* going on about direct elections to the European Parliament? This week the deadline for the implementing legislation envisaged by the Select Committee has come – and gone. But the new Foreign Secretary in his first speech in the job seemed as heavily committed to them as ever, though not necessarily to using the system recommended by the Select Committee. Earlier the cabinet had seemed to falter at the first whiff of grapeshot from opponents of the idea invoking the hallowed conference decision (some of them fresh from the anti-devolution division lobby where conference decisions seem to be regarded more cavalierly). Were we going back to talks about talks? Was the old parliamentary horse race, in which Best Endeavour is caught at the post by Tepid Enthusiasm and Shabby Compromise, to be run again?

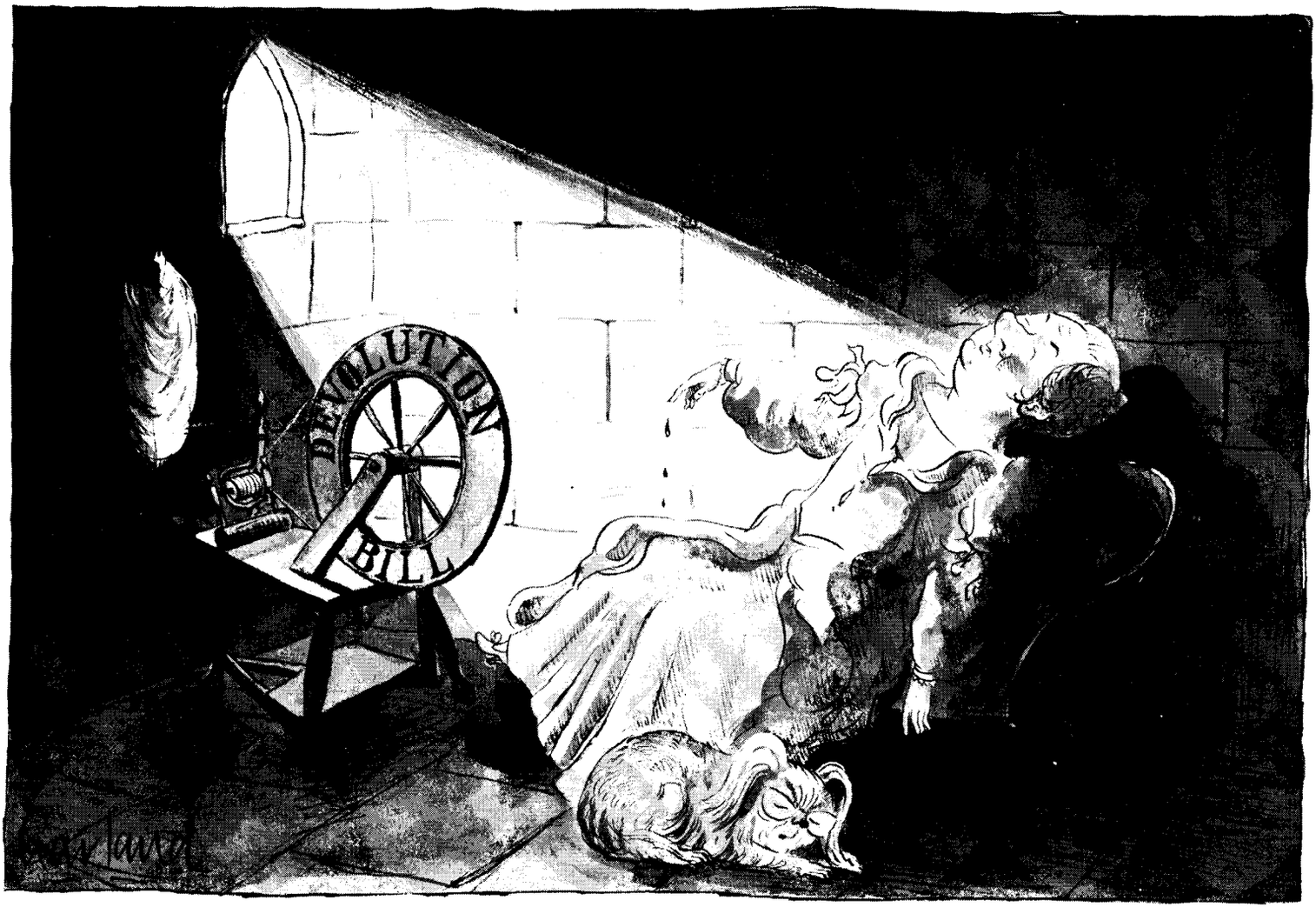
The cabinet is committed to direct elections by a number of agreements. Article 138 of the Treaty bound the member states to consider how best to replace the present nominated Parliament. Britain signed (and did rather well in) the Brussels agreement of 20 September 1976 setting out the term and total membership of the elected assembly to be introduced, and the necessary legislation was promised in the Queen's Speech. Every other member state is pressing ahead. Most of them are enthusiastic, including the European Left. Brandt and Mitterand have already announced their candidacy. Even Belgium, where there is trouble in allocating the 24 seats between the Walloon and Fleming communities, and France, where there was Gaullist and Communist opposition, are drafting their legislation. The French Constitutional Court has ruled that the 20 September agreement 'will not result in the creation of sovereignty' since it will not alter the specific responsibilities and powers of the Parliament. Meanwhile Britain lags. We have the presidency. We are currently chairing the Council of Ministers. By all accounts our delegation to the present nominated Parliament is an extremely effective one. So why squander goodwill on a display of chauvinism?

The answer is that on this matter a good section of the Labour Party is not ashamed to look Gaullism firmly in the eye. Getting a word of praise for anything European from them is harder than signing on a stone as a blood donor. The referendum decision has never really been accepted, and its implications continue to be greeted with shrill cries of shock and horror. The Conference debate last year was a very uffish one, with the Bellman's lament on many lips. Why had the Government not come clean about this sinister Parliament?

> It's excessively awkward to mention it now,
> With the Snark, so to speak, at the door.

Crosland replied with a sigh – no one sighed more eloquently – that they were told the day they embarked. But it did no good. To many party members the Snark is a Boojum and that is that. You could almost hear its roar around the galleries of the Winter Gardens, gobbling up sovereignty. At worst, it will rush us headlong into federalism, we were told. At best, an elected Parliament will spread a spurious legitimacy over the absentee members of a pampered and client assembly. Also Labour might not win – so better not have them on that ground also.

The cabinet seems to have divided into a number of camps last week. For convenience let us call them This Year, Next Year, Sometime, and Never. The ardent pro-Europeans want to go ahead, though



'Even the princess's little spaniel, who had laid himself beside his mistress, fell asleep in a moment. The very spits before the kitchen fire ceased turning, the fire went out, and everything became as silent as in the dead of night.'

– 'The Sleeping Beauty' by Perrault

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some of them argue ingeniously that the delays already incurred will mean that we have to use a different electoral system which does not involve an immediate drawing-up of Euro-constituency boundaries. Then come a group who want a year's delay, either because 1978 would spell electoral disaster for Labour, or to allow more time to mobilise the massive majority in Parliament as a whole. (There is no other item in the Queen's Speech for which the Government could expect a two-to-one majority.) Thirdly, there are those who just want to postpone this whole tiresome matter. The anti-Marketeers will make trouble, they say, and in the pro-Europeans the sap no longer rises. Cobble up some formula to get us past it. Finally there are the men who campaigned for a 'No' vote in the referendum, a third of this cabinet, who can quite honourably say, include us out. Jim Callaghan, who is a canny operator in this sort of situation, let them all have a gallop over the course last week. His own view, and that of Merlyn Rees who must draft the legislation, will be crucial.

It is true that the first direct elections seem to offer Labour a poisoned chalice either way. Hold them by the First-Past-the-Post system and Labour might in a bad year be reduced to ten seats out of 81. Use proportional representation in any form and it is the thin end of the wedge for Westminister elections too, which the well-financed PR campaigners will seize upon. Neither of these objections seem to me to argue for not holding the elections. It is surely inconceivable that Labour of all parties will run away from the elective principle, and approach the Parliament under the banners of jobbery, patronage, and hurrah for the life peers of Luxembourg. The PLP has elected from its own ranks a balanced delegation representing all views on Europe, under an outstanding leader in John Prescott. But the public have a right to see the job done full-time, not on a dual mandate by MPs who have to commute to and from the crippling hours of Westminster. The MPs can't be expected to see it that way. They are jealous of any other elected body, particularly one which some feel might develop into a kind of European Senate compared to their own House.

The advocates of a list system for direct elections say that they take care of this last point. If you had regional lists, they argue, you would keep up Labour representation in a bad year as well as offer something to the Liberals. The seats would be allocated on the regional percentages polled, although the voter would himself decide the order of the party candidates, since he would be voting for (and choosing amongst) those selected at – presumably – regional selection conferences. The list sends a convulsive shudder down many a Labour spine, including mine, with its overtones of caucus approval. The electoral reformers nowadays keep clear of it, and argue for the Additional Member systems for Westminster. But this is not Westminster. It is an assembly elected from huge constituencies (over 500,000 in England and Wales) to scrutinise and harry the Commission and the Council of Ministers, not to form a European executive. Therefore, it is argued, without the close constituent-MP relationship or particular functions of the House of Commons, a different electoral system is a positive advantage, emphasising the difference from Westminster. It also allows Northern Ireland to have Catholic as well as Protestant representation.

These arguments will get their run in the White Paper. They will present those who feel, as I do, that anything which strengthens the lobby for PR at Westminster is a piece of no good for Labour, with a hard choice. But it will have to be faced. To continue to deny the people of Britain their chance directly to criticise and reform the practices of Brussels, when all Europe moves that way, would be an absurd act of folly. In a party which carries the banner for all those who have used representative institutions – however imperfect they initially were – to constrain the kings and princes of yesterday or the cartels and multinationals of the moment it would be unforgiveable.

Neal Ascherson

The Strange Death of Devolution

So the chicken is walking with its head off. The wheels are slowing with the power disconnected. The soprano on the record is beginning to sing bass and then scratch into silence or, if you like, the bagpipe is emitting that ghastly terminal bray as the last air escapes from it. They are still building the Assembly out of the Royal High School. Michael Foot is entering his bilateral talks with other parties about devolution. But these are matters of penalty clauses for stopping work too promptly. The Bill is dead. So most people in Scotland seem to think, anyway.

Labour's penalty clause has already become apparent. If the *Sunday Mail* poll last weekend is reliable, Labour could lose at least 17 seats to the SNP. If the Nationalists performed their usual trick of scoring about 7 per cent more in an actual election than their poll predictions suggest, that election would be a massacre.

A very great deal depends on how the Labour Party in Scotland faces up to this crisis. Next week's annual conference at Perth should tell. If the party can seize the hour, it will rise in genuine patriotic anger, condemn the English comrades whose mutiny wrecked the Devolution Bill, and commit itself to the cause of Scottish self-government within the United Kingdom. This could work. For all its dilapidation, Labour is still potentially the real political force in Scotland. But it is more probable that the hour will be missed: that Labour in Scotland will slide thankfully back into old Unionist attitudes they occupied before 1974, and let the 'assembly' promise gather dust on a back page of the Manifesto.

Reactions took a few days to build up, after the guillotine fiasco. There was an Ash Wednesday feeling of remorse and confusion, of the snatching-away of pretty paper-chains and coloured lanterns to reveal the grey old street. But then the mood began to shift. The media nervously followed it. The *Scottish Daily Express* got it wrong, with an unbelievable feature headed 'We Cannot Forgive the Devolution Traitors' – shouting (from Manchester) that the Scottish MPs who voted against the guillotine would be 'judged for their treachery . . . heads will roll'. In fact, the feeling is not so much that Scots betrayed Scots as that English MPs outvoted Scottish MPs. That the idea of getting a British parliament of its own free will to concede some degree of Home Rule to Scotland may have been a naïve one.

Now, over a week later, there is a frenzy of political activity. Essentially, it is a search for alliances between rival forces within Scotland in order to put pressure on Westminster, a parallel to Michael Foot's consultations down south. But no convincing platform for such an alliance – a Home Rule Front – has yet been demonstrated.

The Nationalists are floating the idea – engaging at first sight – that there should be a simple bill which arranged for a Scottish assembly to be elected and no more. Acting as a 'constituent' assembly it would then enter negotiations with the Government to work out what powers it should have. Result: the Commons would be spared working out the details and would be merely asked to ratify the terms negotiated outside. Drawback: the Commons will throw out any constitutional bill introduced by the SNP, and might anyway want an SNP promise that they would not negotiate on the basis of instant independence or nothing.

Meanwhile professor-elect John Mackintosh is promoting his own scheme for a Home Rule Front. The Front could be built, he told a crammed Edinburgh meeting of the largely SNP Andrew Fletcher Society on Monday, if the SNP would only resist that temptation to campaign for total independence now and would consent to join a common battle for a quasi-federal Scotland. It's like a two-stage rocket, he shouted, his eyes glittering as the image hit him: We all go up together as far as Home Rule within the UK, and you can then drop the booster and try for independence if you feel like it later.

From the Liberals, there are mutters about a pretty similar all-party campaign: a platform uniting all those who want some sort of directly-elected Scottish assembly. As in the very influential campaign for PR in the assembly, which lured members of all parties to its council last year, the Liberals would stay in the background. They would need to. All the Scottish Liberal MPs voted against the guillotine, and the Fletcher Society stalwarts loudly booed a mention of David Steel.

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All these Home Rule Front schemes sink or swim on whether the SNP can cooperate with other parties. But the Guillotine disaster has bounced everyone further out along the self-government limb. Just as John Mackintosh decides that he must recognise the SNP as the only party which could force a government to resurrect devolution. The party's radical wing, all those who want to go bald-headed for independence and despised the 'devolved' stage as a mere interval to be kept as short as possible, have vastly grown in strength these last few days. And the more cautious, who think that independence should evolve from autonomy and who fear that 'independence or nothing' could lose the SNP much of its support, are for the moment in eclipse.

These are heavy moments for Scotland. Those who said that Parliament 'must' concede devolution are confounded. Those who said that Scotland would in the end be forced to choose between nothing whatever – the *status quo* – and total independence have been stood quite a few drinks by their friends.

Parliament left Ireland to cook for seven years after the first Home rule bill failed, until the smell of burning became too much. Then Parliament failed again. Scotland in 1977 is absolutely no Ireland in 1886. But if the common factor, Westminster, does not change, the end might be the same.

Stephen Castles

How to Lose a German Job

For the last four and a half years I have been lecturing in political economy at the Frankfurt College of Social Work (*Fachhochschule*). By the end of 1977 I shall probably be unemployed. Why? Not because I have had enough of teaching the economics of education and the like to future youth workers and play-leaders, not because my colleagues and students are discontented with my work. The reason is that the Education Minister of Hesse has doubts about my 'loyalty to the state' and as to whether I would 'at all times defend the Constitution of the German Federal Republic' (those are the official phrases).

Perhaps I shouldn't be here anyway – I have enough reason not to be. My father was a German: an active trade unionist and member of the Social Democratic Party (SPD). He had to leave Germany in 1933: the stormtroopers took his father, Johann Schloesser, an official of the Metal Workers Union in Duisberg, out in the street and shot him. My father waded through the moors and canals at the Dutch frontier. He got across, but ever since he suffered from severe asthma. In exile in Brussels, he met my mother (on a demonstration). She was English and an active member of the Labour Party. They came to London, then got work as youth hostel wardens in Winchester. When the war came, my father, despite being a dedicated anti-fascist, was declared an 'enemy alien', and deported to Australia. My mother followed him through the U-boat infested waters. And so I was born in Melbourne in 1944.

My father came back to Britain, became a British citizen, took an English name. He wanted nothing to do with Germany, hardly ever spoke the language, visited relations and old friends there very rarely.

But when I left school, a German trade union body offered me a scholarship to go to a German university, as a child of a persecuted trade unionist. I took up the offer – out of interest and curiosity – and spent three years studying sociology (under Professor Adorno) in Frankfurt. Then I returned to Britain (by then married to a German girl) and spent four years at Sussex University. There my wife and I wrote our doctoral thesis on immigrant labour in Europe.Then we went back to Germany. At first I worked for a year and a half for the Friedrich-Ebert-Stiftung, a social democratic research foundation, named after Germany's first president. I worked on a contract for the Federal Government. The main aim was to find trade union and similar groupings in Indonesia, which could be bribed into supporting the interests of West German commercial penetration. After some months in Indonesia, I reported that the country was well on the way to fascism and that no political or economic relations could be supported. Neither the Federal Government nor the foundation liked these conclusions, so that our ways parted soon afterwards.

As as lecturer in Germany you become a *Beamte*. That means roughly 'state official'. But it means much more: it means swearing an oath of allegiance to state and constitution, promising to uphold the interests of the state at all times. The word *Beamte* has overtones of authority, of hierarchical structures; it awakes memories of Bismarck's imperial bureaucracy before 1914. A lecturer in Germany (and for that matter a schoolteacher, or a dustman, or an engine driver) has the same relationship to the state as a policeman or a high civil servant in the Ministry of Defence. We all swear the same oath; we are all subject to investigation by the secret police (cynically called the *Verfassungsschutz* – the protectors of the constitution), and these investigations take place not only when one is hired but through one's working life. If you write an article or a book, sign a petition or even say something on the phone that could be regarded as disloyal to the constitution, then you become a victim of the *Berufsverbot*. That means not only losing your job, but also not being able to work in your profession anywhere in Germany: where else can a teacher work but in a state school, or an engine driver but for the state railways? (It may sound ridiculous, but an engine driver has been dismissed for being a member of the Communist Party.)

So I am a state official, whether I like it or not. I cannot lecture on political economy for social workers without being a state official. I am a *Beamte auf Probe* (state official on approval); that means that I must work for a certain period without security of tenure. After five years they must either give me security of tenure or dismiss me. Now I have been here four a half years, so I have another six months to go. But all my colleagues got tenure after two or three years: that means the state must have doubts about my loyalty. Last year, after protests by French and Dutch social democrats, Willy Brandt got cold feet and began to regret having brought in the *Berufsverbot*. So a new regulation (not a law – there is still no law on the subject) was passed – at least in the Länder ruled by social democrats: the CDU/CSU Länder are much worse. Henceforth, dismissal because of secret reports by the *Verfassungsschutz* was not to be allowed. Only facts which could be upheld in a court of law were permissible. But we have seen little difference in the practices of spying and intimidation under the new rule. The climate of fear remains: it suffices to have been in a left-wing student group at the age of 20. It can keep you out of state employment for life.

Why could the state doubt my loyalty? Since the age of 14, I have been politically active – perhaps it is not surprising with my family background. First I was in the Young Socialists and the Labour Party (a member of Reigate Constituency general management committee at the age of 15). Then in CND – four Aldermaston marches. In Frankfurt, as a student, I was involved in groups which became important in the student movement of the late Sixties. Back in Britain I was active in the Vietnam Campaign. In my work at the Ebert Foundation my dislike for Indonesian fascism can hardly have endeared me to a West German government determined to increase its influence in that part of the world. Since I came back to Frankfurt, I have not improved: at first I was involved in a campaign for better kindergartens (my daughter was three at the time). The parents and play-group leaders occupied the town-hall with hundreds of children, which was fun but chaotic. I have spoken at meetings on Portugal, demonstrated against France and so on. Does that mean that I am likely to pollute the minds of the tender young students who are entrusted to me? The Minister of Education seems to think so.

The forms of communication within the education system of Hesse remind one irresistably of Kafka. Letters do not go to the Minister who is responsible. They go to the Rector of our college, and he then writes another letter to the Minister. When the Rector gets an answer, he writes another letter to me. The idea that I should personally talk to the Minister or at least to officials concerned was quite unthinkable: everything must go through the proper channels. In the second year of waiting, our department wrote three letters of complaint. It was not until the end of the year that we discovered that these letters had never got beyond the Rector. He had merely got his chief administrator to ring the

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appropriate official. The telephone conversations had merely produced rumours ('the *Verfassungsschutz* have got something against you, but won't say what') but we cannot even prove they had taken place.

So now, with two years gone since the application for tenure, and six months to go before dismissal everybody in authority still says: 'Keep quiet, if you protest it will make things worse.' By the time people tell me I should protest, I will probably be so fed up that I won't bother any more.

Naomi Shepherd

Mr Rabin's Headaches

Labour's chances at the polls on 17 May will not have been improved by the result of last week's leadership contest at the party conference where Yitzhak Rabin won a narrow victory over challenger Shimon Peres. Labour argues that the contest itself was a sign of new life and party democracy and certainly the Likud opposition under Mr Beigin's thumb could not stage a similar performance. On the other hand Mr Rabin, already hobbled in his electoral progress as head of a caretaker government which is in a Knesset minority, will be further shackled by the declaration of 49 per cent of his own party that they no longer want him as leader.

Three factors helped Mr Rabin over the finishing line: fear of 'deposing the head of the party' so soon before elections, the feeling that despite Peres's muted tone on the territorial issue Rabin's image as a moderate would help Labour in forthcoming discussions with the Carter Administration, and the probably rhetorical threat from Mapam that it would leave the Alignment should Peres head the party.

The delegates were obviously elated by the novelty of universal suffrage in a party ruled so long from the centre. Not only did all 3,000 cast votes but henceforth only a third of the central committee will be made up of national party leaders and the rest chosen by country-wide branches. The old guard, 'historic Mapai', is no longer a dominant force. On the other hand, there were signs of the traditional forces still operating in the party. Rabin's narrow win was based technically on the votes of the two big kibbutz factions among the delegates and the Israeli Arabs in Labour. Both groups were marshalled by Yigal Allon and in the case of the first indicated the continuing power of the Ahdut Haavodah faction. Both candidates paid lip-service to the future role of the development towns in party caucuses and perhaps in government, but in actual fact every 70 kibbutzniks contributed a delegate to the convention compared with every 120 of the urban party membership. Even if the old factions break up, the party may now be divided between Rabin and Peres supporters. Both camps regard the results of the contest as a reason for reasserting their strength. These new factions, moreover, are not opposed on ideological issues. Peres challenged Rabin purely on the grounds that he was the better electoral draw.

During the last weeks, Labour suffered a number of setbacks. In the past the image of power the party projected was the chief advantage at election time. Today Labour's past with regard to economic policy is a liability. It is particularly ironical that the Rabin government, which set itself to uncover corruption in the Israeli Establishment, has been discredited by the evidence revealed. The Yadlin affair is a case in point. Yadlin, a leading Labour functionary, was convicted on the day the convention opened of accepting bribes and falsifying income-tax returns and given a five-year prison sentence. During his brief trial he fingered a series of Labour leaders as recipients of 'black money' which he maintained had gone to finance Labour's election campaigns. The judge declared that she did not believe that the £5,000 bribe money had gone to Labour but Yadlin will continue to press his allegations on the fate of thousands more in the election campaign. The Likud is unlikely to exploit the case directly because the financing of the Herut Party has recently been under embarrassing scrutiny. But the Yadlin case, among others, has revealed the seedier side of the system during the years of Labour rule.

Another problem for Labour has been the series of defections during the last few months of leading party members in key positions. These include: Meir Amit, head of the powerful Koor Histadrut industrial syndicate and former head of army intelligence, who was slated for a future cabinet post; David Golomb of the famous Hagana founders' family; Zvi Zamir, former head of the Shin Beth, and Shmuel Toledano, for more than a decade head of the Prime Minister's Arab Affairs office. Other men, too, have left Labour for Yadin's Democratic Movement for Change because of radical opposition to Labour's foot-dragging on social and economic reforms. There is virtually no ideological conflict on foreign policy, however. Only Moshe Dayan and his lieutenant Mordechai Ben Porat opposed the new foreign policy manifesto discussed at the convention, which declared that Israel was ready for territorial concessions on all fronts including the West Bank. At present this is not a live issue, as no Labour leader believes that the Arabs are ready for the kind of meaningful compromise which would hold Labour to its word. The crunch might come, however, over the small print of future 'interim agreements'.

Two threats face Mr Rabin as Premier as the election approaches. (1) Does the party represent the Israeli working-class so unmistakably as to retain its power as the largest Israeli political party? (2) Where would Mr Rabin plan to get his support after the election for the kind of foreign policy which would avoid confrontation with the Carter Administration? A new government would have to construct an entirely new wages and incomes policy. But the general election results will inevitably affect the elections to the Histadrut which follow a few weeks later. Many experts have predicted that Labour may fail to retain a majority in the Histadrut's central committee. This would mean an end to the historic partnership between the Labour-controlled Finance Ministry and the trade union movement which, though increasingly problematic, remains the last instrument for implementing policy. Moreover it is difficult to speak of Israel's working class as an economic and political force, rather than a hierarchy of wage-earners classified by clumsy and outdated criteria. Thus, Labour voters, apart from the farmers who have always been traditionally left-wing, may be increasingly attracted to fringe parties promising change, however ill-defined.

The answer to the second question depends on whether Rabin and Peres can function together without actually having to look one another in the eye like Dr Dolittle's *pushmipullyu* or whether Mr Peres will increasingly incline to a centre-right coalition and Mr Rabin rely more than ever on the support of centre-left groups. With Mr Rabin's recent ousting of Labour's traditional alliance with the religious parties, he seems to have decided for a narrowed power base on a clearer platform. But will the party support him in this? The way in which the two men see the role of Labour after the elections will inevitably influence their conduct of the campaign. Certainly it will need extraordinary political skills to keep the party together during the next couple of months and in fighting shape for the international trials that will follow the election.

Jerusalem

Roger Woddis

Change of Form

A German building inspector composes official letters in verse. British civil servants please copy.

Dear Heart (or Madam), further to
the letter that I sent to you
on the fourteenth of October last,
when leaves and the £ were falling fast,
my reference five stroke nine stroke C
(O would that I were stroking thee!),
I have to date had no reply
to my request that you comply
with governmental regulations
and statutory obligations,
concerning your insurance stamps,
the perforated iron clamps
that bind our social masonry,
including those on Schedule D.
You would not wilfully avoid
the duties of the self-employed,
for whom my heart profusely bleeds,
but civil servants too have needs.
If you can call, please let me know
by filling in the card below
or 'phoning, preferably the latter,
and we shall soon resolve the matter.
Meanwhile most humbly I remain,
Your anxious and obedient swain.

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Alexander Cockburn

Morality and Mr Carter

True to his campaign promises President Carter was frank and forthright with the American people apropos the matter of select CIA payments to King Hussein (some $15m. since 1957). He said that henceforth he would like to see government secrets kept secret and thus not known to the American people at all. A couple of days later his Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, said that he saw nothing illegal or improper in the secret slush fund for the King, adding dolefully that 'It [bribery] cannot be done in the glare of publicity'. For once, Daniel Patrick Moynihan had it right. He was asked whether Carter had become more favourably disposed to the CIA. 'No,' he replied, 'he's just learned that it's his CIA.'

Carter had been just as forthright with the *Washington Post*, which disclosed the payments to Hussein, as he was with the American people. He called in the editor and asked him to suppress the story. All the *Post*'s editor, Ben Bradlee, would promise was that the White House would be given 24 hours' notice of publication. Carter subsequently complained privately to Congressmen about the 'irresponsibility' of the newspaper.

Now, if Carter is serious about due care and closeting of government secrets – and no one doubts that he is – he will have to start confining discussion of covert operations to a small group of confidants. And if the FBI is to take its task of surveillance seriously it will have to start tapping telephones, or at least asking the Attorney-General for permission to do so. The Attorney-General is Griffin Bell, a crony of Carter. John Mitchell was Attorney-General and a crony of Nixon. He gave permission for phone taps on those regarded by the FBI and Henry Kissinger as security leaks. Kissinger was worried about security leaks because he did not want the American people to know about such things as the bombing of Cambodia or subversion in Chile. Discussion of such covert actions was confined to a small group of confidants.

Hold hard. Carter, unlike Nixon, said during his campaign that no one need worry about CIA abuses because he would take full responsibility. Nixon never said that. In fact he tried to blame the CIA for the Watergate break-in. There's the difference. All the same, it does give one pause. Not a long pause. Merely one sufficient to realise that every President from Eisenhower onward approved bribes for Hussein and the only reason that Carter allegedly stopped the practice was that the secret got out. And the only lesson Carter appears to have learned is that similar secrets should not get out in future.

Perhaps we should remain calm. Carter has talked a great deal about morality, and its ramifications in the personal and political spheres. Getting right down to basics he told federal employees at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare that people should not live in sin. He accompanied this injunction by some subsequent thoughts about the discriminatory effects of the tax code on married couples as opposed to, as the census described them, 'unrelated people of the opposite sex living in the same household'. There are more of the latter around than ever before. And there are more people getting divorced than ever before. Carter has always been keen on the family and it looks very much as though he wants to do the best he can for it.

It will be interesting to see what happens if he really tries to put his moral ideas into practice. Homosexuals will, of course, be unable to get married and thus benefit from the prospective tax breaks. Thus they will either continue to suffer from discriminatory fiscal policy or lobby strongly for legalised homosexual marriages allowing them to get the tax breaks too. Homosexual households are presumably not what Carter has in mind.

Then again, an increasing large section of the workforce is now composed of single and married women. Businessmen like this trend since they can pay women less than men. Those women with children often leave them in day care centres while they work. Reintegration of the family home by Carter's men would involve reduced funding for day care centres. Women would have to stay home more and thus be less available to provide cheap labour. Presumably such an inflationary development is not what Carter has in mind either.

Domestic moral policy is taking shape, but it is really in the foreign field that Carter's philosophical signature is most conspicuous. The payments to King Hussein are not a good example here, since Carter preferred to talk about legality rather than morality. But the letter to Sakharov, the meeting with Bukovsky and the invocation of the 'third basket' provision in the Helsinki accords have thus far provoked the most prominent headlines since Inauguration Day. State Department spokesmen now talk about human rights with the same alacrity that they once talked (and, as we shall see, still do) about US security interests. The impulse stems from Carter's own proclaimed interest in restoring the 'moral authority' of US foreign policy. 'Because we are free,' he said in his Inaugural address, 'we can never be indifferent to the fate of freedom elsewhere.'

'Find out whether Amin is on our payroll. If he is, take him off, and if he's not, put him on.'

It was President Kennedy who used similar sort of language in his Inauguration speech, with the Bay of Pigs sortie impending and escalation in Vietnam a gleam in the eye of international moralists. The question is: human rights where? Carter was asked about this at his press conference on 23 February. He mentioned Uganda, South Korea and Cuba in his reply, referring to infractions of human rights in all three countries. A few moments later he said he was awaiting 'tangible evidence' that the Cubans 'are willing to restore basic human rights in Cuba' before normalising relations. No one asked him which period of Cuban history would be the model for such restoration.

The following day Cyrus Vance announced reductions in foreign aid for Argentina, Uruguay and Ethopia, because of human rights violations. He specifically excluded South Korea and other strategically placed allies from such reduction. 'Over-riding security commitments' meant no cuts whatever the violation of human rights. No mention of Iran or Chile, or Brazil or the Philippines or Indonesia. It is, of course, quite possible that Andrew Young, US Ambassador to the United Nations, will be permitted to assail such countries, as well as South Africa and Rhodesia, while the State Department and the President pursue a more circumspect course. And it is possible, too, that the spectre of such aid reductions as have already been made, small though they are, will induce US-sponsored torturers around the globe to pack away their equipment and clear the jails of political prisoners. It seems unlikely, but such hopes expressed by Carter's liberal admirers should be recorded: they seem less keen to stress one very clear consequence of the new moralism – a perceptible sharpening of Cold War breezes just when the Defence complex is lobbying for increased expenditures to meet the usual imagined threat of Soviet military superiority.

So in the midst of the new morality we should also detect the old continuity. And indeed the most symmetrically satisfactory story I have seen so far about the Carter Administration and its relationship to the outgoing Ford regime involves two women. Carla Hills, secretary of Housing and Urban Development in Ford's cabinet, has now joined the board of IBM. The vacant seat she assumed on IBM's board had been vacated by Patricia Harris, who has now become a member of Carter's cabinet as secretary of HUD. But this kind of stuff comes under the forgettable heading of 'business news' and, therefore, has not attracted too much moral comment.

New York

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Giles Radice*

Bullock and the Unions

I declare my interest – almost a proprietary one – in Bullock. On 15 January 1975, I requested leave under the Ten Minute Rule (devised to enable backbenchers to ventilate issues) to introduce a Bill to establish employee representation on the boards of large companies. After I had made a short speech in favour of my proposed legislation, a Tory MP spoke against it and divided the House. Fortunately, it was one of those occasions when a large number of MPs were in the House expecting an early vote – and over 250 MPs, mostly Labour, supported me and we won the division.

Normally that would have been that. But almost miraculously, at 4 p.m. one Friday a few weeks later the Industrial Democracy Bill, as it was called, suddenly became a serious proposition. Because of a slip-up it got an unopposed second reading and went into committee. This gave my colleagues and myself an unexpected bargaining lever. Two busy Ministers had not only to attend committee meetings but also to express the Government's view on the issue. And there was always the chance that we could finish the committee stage in time for the Bill to come back to the floor of the House. In the end, we accepted the proposal to set up an inquiry into boardroom representation and I withdrew my Bill. Legislation of this kind should be introduced by Government, not by backbenchers; even so, we can at least claim to have been one of the main architects of Bullock.

I confess to being an unrepentant supporter of at least the broad outlines of the Majority Report. Certainly, the majority can be criticised for not taking the possibilities of 'participation' agreements on strategic issues between management and unions more seriously. We need a range of options relevant to the needs of different companies and industries. There is also room for argument about the details of the Bullock model – the means of appointment to the board, the respective merits of the two-tier *v.* the unitary board, and the 2x + y formula – and also about the speed with which the system is introduced. There are, however, two principles which are essential to an effective system of employee directors – representation through trade unions and parity between employee and shareholders' representatives.

Trade union participation has been attacked from a number of different directions. Some trade unions, notably the ETU/PTU and the Engineers, take the view that, though they support an extension of collective bargaining, representation at boardroom level would lead to a confusion of roles, to the detriment of their members. As a contrast, the CBI is against trade union involvement because it fears that it would be effective. Hence its charge that Bullock was more concerned with power than participation. There is a third criticism: that a single channel of representation is anti-democratic, because it disenfranchises non-unionists.

The underlying purpose of trade unions has always been a democratic one. Individually, employees are no match for employers. Trade unions give workers the possibility, through the strength of their combination, of influencing industrial decisions. By forcing management to recognise that, on many issues, workers have a different approach, which must be taken into account if the enterprise or industry is to survive, prosper and expand, trade unions bring an element of democracy into an environment which would otherwise be almost entirely authoritarian.

Looked at in this perspective, trade union participation at boardroom level is not an alien process. It is rather an extension to strategic decisions of the traditional trade union doctrine – the limitation of managerial prerogative. Of course, involvement in a wider range of decisions may lead to some modification in attitudes. But I, for one, would be in favour of that. Trade unions can sometimes stop things happening. But their power of initiation is extremely limited. Powerful representation at boardroom level would give them a stake in industry which would be to the benefit of employees, employers, and the community as a whole.

In any case, it is difficult to see how boardroom level representation could work without trade union involvement. If the trade unions decided to boycott the new system, as they ignored the consultative arrangements introduced after the war, then it would not get off the ground. But it is also a matter of practical mechanics. How are boardroom representatives going to be trained and serviced, unless by the trade unions? How will they communicate with employees, unless it be through trade union machinery? In this context, it is interesting to note that the participation scheme of Cadbury Schweppes, of which their former chairman Lord Watkinson, now president of the CBI, is so proud, is manned on the employee side by shop stewards. And in the German co-determination system, employee representatives, even if originally non-union, usually join unions after a few months because they are the most effective means of contact with the workforce. The truth is that, for any genuine democratic structure within industry, you must have trade unions – and, if they do not exist, they would have to be invented. For, as Lord Ryder has recently pointed out, an increase in industrial democracy must imply a shift in power – and only trade union organisation is capable of guaranteeing and maintaining that shift.

The most difficult case to refute is the libertarian one. Why should democratic rights be confined to trade unionists alone? The Bullock majority acknowledged its force by proposing that there should be an initial ballot of *all* employees, which will at least prevent the new system being imposed on an unwilling workforce. The main Bullock counter to the libertarians rests on the fact that the vast majority of all employees in companies employing 2,000 employees are trade union members. But that argument can be turned on its head. If most employees in these companies are trade unionists (in manufacturing industry it is something approaching 90 per cent), then, provided the trade unions agree on a slate, trade unionists will win almost every election. It is tempting to suggest that, in order to satisfy libertarian opinion, the trade unions ought to be prepared to accept a system which was fully democratic, in the knowledge that they would be bound to dominate it.

At the least, there must be compulsory elections for all employee directors, in which all employees would have a vote. Society also has a right to demand that trade union democracy be strengthened. There is a strong argument for encouraging the wider use of postal ballots in trade union elections by giving government assistance towards their cost, and for involving trade union members and their shop floor representatives more directly in union management. It is also essential that individuals should be protected against misuse of trade union power by union rules which reflect natural justice; and also that there should always be effective appeals procedures.

On the issue of parity, the trade unions are right to insist on an equal proportion of shareholders' and employee representatives. Of course, in most situations, there is extremely unlikely to be a vote. But parity protects trade unions against the charge that they have become the tools of management. However those who argue for parity have also to produce some means of breaking deadlocks. The Bullock 2x + y formula, though ingenious, may not be the way out. Perhaps the simplest method is the one which I proposed in my Bill – a chairman elected by both sides. There is also a case for a phased introduction of employee representation – say a certain number in three years moving to parity in five years. But, in the end, there must be parity.

However, whatever the difficulties, I do not share Peter Walker's pessimism in last week's NEW STATESMAN about the introduction of industrial democracy. As Victor Hugo once said, nothing is so powerful as the idea whose time has come.

Giles Radice is Labour MP for Chester-le-Street and a former head of the GMWU Research Department.

BULLOCK REPORT CONFERENCE
CONWAY HALL
Saturday 12 March 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Speakers: David Lea (TUC), Steve Bubb (TGWU), Terry Harrison (NUM)
Registration Fee 75p
Further details from **North London Workers Control Group, 19 Daleview Road, London N15.**

This India

☐ Indian government employees have been ordered to limit their families to three children. The new rule won't be applied until 30 September 1977 to allow for existing pregnancies. – *Asian Wall Street Journal* (Andrew Cartwright)

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Patrick Wintour

The Authority to Cut

Pick up any local paper these days and the chances are there will be a confusing story involving a local authority sub-committee and a moral dilemma. The dilemma is normally shrouded in figures with too many noughts and committees with too many prefixes to provide either a comprehensible picture or gripping reading. Nevertheless the collective importance of these local stories is immense. Upon us in the new financial year is the wrecking season of the cuts as local authorities attempt to balance the demands of Department of the Environment circulars, the ratepayers in election year and their own predilections. The fear repeatedly voiced by Peter Shore is that some councillors will seize this moment to smokescreen through their policy and resources committees unnecessarily expansive cuts. Some have already displayed an over-eagerness about the Treasury's declared aim of clearing the decks for industry: what was intended as a considered hedgeclip in local authority expenditure could turn into wholesale deforestration. Of course the White Paper on revised expenditure plans for the next two years gives councils every encouragement. That Peter Jay can praise the aggregrate of last year's cuts as 'impressive and appetising' is an index of the ferocity of the Government's plans.

By 1978-79 local authority expenditure will have decreased relative to all public expenditure programmes by 3 per cent to 27.4 per cent of total expenditure. The most direct attack on local expenditure would have been on jobs since the bulk of the money goes in wages to 1.7 million full-time employees and the 0.9m. part-time employees. Peter Shore piously hopes that only 20,000 jobs will be lost – all by natural wastage – on top of those lost last year. One in five local authorities is planning job reductions in the three months after March, and quite patently not all of them are going to come by natural wastage. Indeed Nalgo is cataloguing every week's set of redundancies. Only the cynics dismiss the growing outcry as 'displaying the bleeding stumps'.

Jobs, however, is not the area where the axe is intended to fall. It is something of a question of semantics about what is or is not a cut. Is for example the postponement of the planned building of a home for the mentally handicapped a cut? If that is our definition, then the real savings are being made in capital expenditure over which central government has formal powers to approve local authority borrowing. One aim in distributing the cuts has been to reduce local expenditure levels without infringing on local automony; attacking capital expenditure is the simplest method, hence the reductions in the housing capital programme. The other 'beauty' of this kind of cut is that, apart from worsening unemployment in the construction industry, (over one in three builders are unemployed on Merseyside) they are not visible; they involve mainly ditching paper programmes.

The Government is also committed to influencing local authority current expenditure levels even though it has no control over income raised through the rates. Here the reluctant Shore's next weapon is the infamous rate support grant replete with 170 different variables. It is said that only 50 people in Britain understand its labyrinthine system of distribution adjustments (and none of them seem to be in Parliament judging by the level of last December's debate) while one of the select 50 commented that it would be an equally sensible method of distribution for the Department of the Environment to borrow a plane and drop the subsidy from a great height.

The rate support grant is at once an elaborate statistical equation and a statement of social and economic priorities. It is made up of three elements; a domestic element subsidising the domestic householder; a resources element which is calculated on the basis of money a local authority can gather – this year London suffers in this category by over £400 million, and finally, the most complex element theoretically, the needs element, which is distributed to produce a standard level of service and from which the metropolitan districts benefit. This needs element, which takes up £3,712 million of the total £6,157 million RSG, starts on the assumption that a local authority's expenditure for last year is the best available indicator of the needs of the area. This formula is then supplemented by a range of demographic, housing and other social indicators of spending need including evidence covering unemployment and geographical variations in labour costs. The calculation is based on the multiple regression of actual expenditure on indicators of need for services, and of cost raising factors. Socialist practicalities can be as opaque as any Althusserian text.

The substantive point, however, is that whereas the RSG made up 65.5 per cent of current expenditure last year it is now down to 61 per cent, the shires' proportion of which is substantially reduced. Essex, for example, has lost £15m. on last year. The deficit caused by the subsidies reduction is now having to be made up by local authorities either raising their rates, plundering their balances or by cutting back on expenditure. Given that the decision, if not the argument, about the economic principle behind cuts has been lost these three options of rates, balances or cuts have become the next battle-ground for the Left. Some demands for larger rate increases have already been won, as in Buckinghamshire and Westminster. The DoE has recommended a national average rate rise of 15 per cent with wide variations on either side. Often tiny increases on planned rate rises will serve 'inevitable' cuts. Berkshire, for example, by adding one and a half pence would save all their £1.8m. cuts. But the problem with ambitious budgeting is that government cash limits (to take allowance for inflation) has been set on the sanguine assumption that local authority inflation will be only 10 per cent and that real cuts on current expenditure, therefore, need only be 1.6 per cent. Inflation will almost certainly be higher and cuts eventually correspondingly bigger than predicted now.

The DoE have also made some rather hopeful statements about the distribution of cuts. Social services is practically the only intended growth area, increasing by 1 per cent partly due to demographic changes and the transfer of resources to domiciliary and community care. Yet already in Lincolnshire, Bedfordshire, Bexley and Bromley the ratepayer is to be spared at the expense of the social services.

Financing in London is complicated by the rate equalisation scheme whereby the richer boroughs such as Kensington and Chelsea subsidise the poorer; even accounting for this handicap the Royal borough's record is notoriously mean. It has lower rates and spends less on its population than any inner London borough. Yet it houses some of the country's worst social problems with the highest admission rate to psychiatric hospitals, the second highest number of children in care of any English borough. It contains more pensioners and more suicides than any of the other 12 inner London boroughs. It comes tenth in inner London in its provision of day centres and eighth for meals for the elderly; bottom in its residential provision for the mentally handicapped and mentally ill and eleventh for the physically handicapped; bottom for the provision of day care training centres and domestic helps. And now another £220,000 has been lopped off expenditure (around half the Tories' plan). Apart from the deletion of posts, charges for home helps, lunch clubs and meals on wheels are increased; residential homes are institutionalised by reducing heating, ending outings and Christmas parties; all support from homeless families after refusal of a first offer of rehousing will be withdrawn in addition to the application of stricter admission criteria for homeless families. It is not equally clear how strict the criteria were that gave the Tory leader a £25,000 expense account including a Rolls Royce or the go-ahead for an expensive computer programme or, say, permission to build a £13.5m. town hall. The trio are monuments both to the fact that there is nothing socialist *per se* about public expenditure and to the hypocrisy of a council which in the name of a tight ship has kept Kensington's increase in social services expenditure since 1972-73 to the lowest in inner London.

Looking at the full list of these cuts and others like it being drawn up around the country, it is clear that some councils intend to go further than they need. Kensington could save all the proposed social service cuts by increasing their rate rise by 0.75p in the pound. But it is hard to see how the Government can intervene to stop such opportunism. All in all, the next few months will be a startling demonstration of how quickly people will be hit by this relatively new form of economic abstraction which implies that welfare service closures are both 'impressive and appetising'.

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Robert Giddings

Home Truths from Abroad

One thing I learned in the USA was the Americans' pride that – as a nation founded in revolution – they were mercifully free from the bane of an aristocratic class system. It is true, there was no sense of 'class' in the British sense of the word, but in the US there is something to be found nowhere else – *claes*. Gore Vidal has *claes*. The *New York Review of Books* has *claes*, the Boston Symphony has *claes*, Alistair Cooke has *claes*, Rex Harrison has *claes*. Noël Coward had it, so had Winston Churchill, but not Dylan Thomas nor Clement Attlee. I don't think they've made up their minds about Mrs Thatcher yet.

During the contest for Sir Harold's successor I ran an election on the college campus at St Louis, Missouri. The photographs and biographies were displayed outside my office. The winner? Tony Benn, of course. He was the only one who had *claes*. It was the search for *claes* which drove T. S. Eliot from St Louis to Merton College, Oxford (hard to think of him with a Missouri accent – but experts say he had one). It drove Henry James from New York City to Rye, having failed (it seems) to discover it in Geneva, Paris, Boulogne or Bonn. Have the Americans divorced us, only to find they love us after all? There was strong evidence, even in the Bicentennial Year, of their nostalgic feelings for Britain and Britishness. Despite assertive patriotism they still seem to long for particular 'British' qualities – old world charm, graceful living, Oxford (chunky) marmalade, gentlemen's relish, muffins and brass firedogs, leather scented after-shave, tweeds and riding crops . . .

The physical manifestations of this nostalgia are often quite staggering in their thoroughness. All Americans love British pubs. They told me so, repeatedly – both tourists and ex-servicemen alike spoke from personal knowledge. In St Louis we actually found a British pub . . . Well, it was a British pub only in the sense that port-type is port, but it was pretty good – a by no means amateurish attempt to build a British pub in the heart of the Middle West. Only my strong feelings about commercial advertising prevent my naming it here. Suffice it to say that it had strong Johnson associations (Dr Sam, that is, not Lyndon Baines).

To enter this establishment is to explore yourself as others see you. Here you are offered 'an English and American menu in an authentic English setting'. A red double-decker bus stands outside. The building is half-timbered of course, a kind of massive Anne Hathaway's Cottage. We are promised 'Strolling Minstrels, Entertainment in the Tavern and Pub, Costumed Waitresses, Antiques and Art Abounding . . .'

It must be confessed that the attempts at anglicising the American bar were quite heroic. Antique serving plates, old pewter tankards, a 'wassail room', a blazing hearth (synthetic plastic gas logs in a magnificent wrought-iron basket), earthenware casks, family crests – the sort of things you haven't seen in England since Henry V got Falstaff to sign the pledge. I thought this would be a good place to take my elder son out for a beer to celebrate his twentieth birthday. It was like wandering on to a set of one of those marvellous old Basil Rathbone movies, you know, the sub-plot episode where Sherlock Holmes sends Nigel Bruce off into the sticks while he chases Moriarty round the Tower of London.

But we were soon to learn how un-English this 'pub' was. We came up against the state drinking laws.

'How old is he?' asked the waitress, as she took our simple order. She was wearing a cheeky short skirt which showed the dimples in her buttocks in a most un-English way. This clue should have warned me.

'Twenty. Twenty today.'

'Then we can't serve him.'

'What?'

'You have to be 21 and have I.D. to drink in this state.'

'What's I.D.?' I asked, assuming it was possibly some kind of disease which enabled one to be served beer on a medical prescription.

'You have to be 21. And you have to have Identification to prove that you are,' she explained.

'Look at him. You can see he is 21 really,' I suggested. But to no avail. She was not the sort of girl to take risks, despite her saucy attire.

'I'll get the manager,' she said, as she swished away with her tray.

I looked around. In some ways it was English. Well, English-*looking*. But far too dark. The walls were darkly panelled and decorated elaborately with boots, saddles, whips and jockey caps. The manager emerged through the gloom. He did not look like the landlord of an English pub. He was foreign. Mexican? Spanish? Anyway, he was rubbing his hands together in an altogether un-English way as he advanced.

His adjudication was short. 'I am so sorry sir. But dat is de law. We cannot serve anyone who is not yet 21. Oderwise, we – as well as you – go into de preeson. I know how you feel. I too am a European. But when we come to America, we must obey de American laws.'

As we left, shaking the dust of this 'English' pub from our heels forever, the bar pianist was playing that characteristically British pub-song, *Frankie and Johnnie*. It was obviously the Strolling Minstrels' night off. We drove away deep in gloom, longing for the old country, supported only by that indomitable Dunkirk spirit. Suddenly we saw a sign, shining in the east. It was a simple message – 'Fish and Chips' it said. Unbelievingly, we drove towards it.

There in the main street, rubbing shoulders with pizza huts, hamburger joints, doughnut stalls, hot-dog marts, fried chicken cabins and steak bars, stood what modestly described itself as a British Fish and Chip Restaurant. And it actually smelled like one (although this was probably done with artificial aerosol spray-on fat-and-vinegar essence). The sign over the door showed a bowler hat, edged with the Union Jack. This looked distinctly promising. They really had tried. They weren't at all bad, either, even wrapped in plastic reproduced British newsprint (and I am not kidding). My son opined that the piece of fish was not as large as you would get in Britain and the chips were not soggy enough but apart from that, he was satisfied.

The British are a hardy people. As representatives of a once great colonial nation we survived the year without draught beer, steak and kidney pies and all the rest of it. One thought sustained us above all others. It was the thought that eventually we could get back to our scruffy little village pub, unknown and unspoilt as it was, and enjoy a few jars of brackish British ale, unmolested by legalistic bar staff.

We got back to the village just in time for the swansong. The pub, whose image had sustained us in exile across the Atlantic, was soon to disappear. Times had changed, the landlord explained to us. People don't want to sit in a load of tat when they come out for a drink. They want comfort, and carpets, and cassettes of Max Bygraves. They ripped the guts out of our village pub, and refurnished it. It looks as if the fittings were bought as a job-lot in the *Queen Mary*'s closing down sale. The long bar has a huge cowl over it, the front is all padded plastic and studding, they have bar stools and subdued lighting and it is full of people I've never seen in my life.

I sometimes think quite nostalgically about that English pub in St Louis. The dear old Cheshire Inn (I'm sorry, it just slipped out). It had *claes*. And my son is 21 now.

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London Diary

☐ That the House of Commons Committee of Privileges should find the NEW STATESMAN guilty of 'irresponsibility' is, of course, a grave matter – and we shall do our best in the coming weeks to wear a look of suitable Lenten penitence. But I am still not quite certain wherein lies our offence, at least as it would apply against any other body except the House. If we had reported someone as saying that *all* MPs were on retainers from the bookmakers then, I suppose, that – following a leading libel case which concerned the clergy of the diocese of Durham – we could conceivably have been answerable for defamation in the courts of law. But all we did was to pass on a sincerely held view on the part of one of those closely concerned with horse-racing that the bookmakers' lobby was a powerful one – so powerful, in fact, that he was prepared to give his own estimate of the number of MPs who were, in one way or another, friendly to the betting industry. If reporting such a statement is a contempt of Parliament, so be it; deliberately suppressing it would have amounted to something very much worse – an endorsement of the view that certain remarks, touching the dignity of our national institutions, are so dangerous that they must on no account ever be brought to the notice of the common multitude. Such an attitude seems to me to symbolise a 'contempt for the public' – in my book an even graver offence than a 'contempt of Parliament'.

☐ Moved, as I'm sure we've all been, by Lady Churchill's economic plight – and in particular by Caroline Moorehead's straight-face statement in *The Times* last week that her 'only income, apart from investments, is a state retirement pention of £15.30' – I have what I hope is a helpful suggestion to make. According to her grandson, Lady Churchill at the age of 91 is being forced to slip articles of value to her (including two pictures by Sir Winston) out to the auction rooms in order to keep body and soul together. But why should she have to do any such thing? She owns, after all, or at least used to own, one picture that is manifestly of no sentimental value to her whatsoever. I refer to the portrait by Graham Sutherland that the House of Commons presented to her husband on 30 November 1954 and which has not been seen from that day to this. I'm sure if Lady Churchill were to 'flog' that, her financial troubles would be at an end – and, equally important, we could all then be satisfied that it still exists and has not been destroyed.

☐ John Biffen, to whom the NS gave a highly favourable profile last December, has always been one of the more engaging of Tory politicians. When he first went to the House in 1961 he was something at least of a social rebel – sharing little, if anything, in common with the braying, dinner-jacketed young Tories who tended to be his contemporaries. At first he was horribly patronised – not least by the then vice-chairman of the Tory Party Paul Bryan who, arguing the case for the Conservative Party covering a broad span, once said on television: 'Take young John Biffen, the candidate we had at Oswestry. A public schoolboy, a scholar at university but essentially a self-made man, son of a farmer down in Dorset' (a statement in which every single fact happened to be untrue). It was typical of Biffen that he minded the inaccuracy even more than the condescension. Yet in the House of Commons he soon made his mark, even becoming briefly a member of Ted Heath's 'shadow' administration, but eventually being forced to retire from that too, through ill health. His immediate boss during that period was Ernest Marples – which, I always thought, explained his need for 'rest' on that occasion. If I were Maggie Thatcher, I'm not sure I'd dare care much for the precedent.

☐ When George Ince was found not guilty of the Barn Murder in May 1973, we wrote that it was 'a blow from which the system will still be reeling when George Ince is long forgotten'. The system – of police identification procedures – is not reeling yet, but at least taking some nasty knocks. In 1973 the talk was of police 'blunders'; today, in the most respectable circles, the word 'vendetta' is used. When Mr Ince was found not guilty of the Barn Murder, he wrote us a charming and articulate letter thanking us for our interest in the trial – a cheerful letter, even though he was still in jail awaiting trial on the robbery charges for which he was sentenced to 15 years (on identification evidence mainly from the same Essex police force). It may not be much comfort to him to know that his name has not been forgotten, as he lies drugged in Wormwood Scrubs infirmary. According to his family, he is now too weak to hold a pen.

☐ Television, at least in terms of politics, seems to be busy pushing its frontiers forward. After journalists masquerading as cabinet ministers, we now have masks appearing on the screen symbolising illustrious figures of the past. For my money, the masks and the dialogue of the dead were the best part of John Morgan's 'Lloyd George, The Politics of Derision' that was shown on the ITV network on Tuesday night. What I wasn't so sure about were the endless tableaux of Lloyd George simply making set speeches. Ian Holm made a splended LlG – but even he could not hold my attention all through the longer orations. His performance did, however, make me realise just how much we've lost by sacrificing the forum of the public meeting to the cosy domain of the TV studio. The former always offered at least to an orator the chance of an art-form; the latter, at its best, never rises above a low form of craft (and sometimes, as in one case we can all recall, of craftiness). Was it, I wonder, a coincidence that that other great 20th-century Welshman, Nye Bevan, was superb at the one and dismal at the other?

☐ A Bill that I don't see being wheeled out to fill the Government's legislative vacuum is one that could have been expected to follow, naturally enough, on the recommendations of Lord Houghton's committee on the financing of political parties. Lord Houghton and his colleagues reported last September but since then there has been a strange, embarrassed silence. The Houghton Committee proposals – for the reimbursement of election expenses to all candidates belonging to 'qualified' political parties who save their deposits and for 5p a head to be paid in addition to the various party headquarters for every vote that they get – has been before the cabinet at least once. But there still seems to be no inclination to legislate along the lines suggested. Not hard to guess why. It's doubtful, of course, if such a bill could get a majority, but the snag is bigger than that. If Labour at this stage were seen to be responsible for leading politicians towards the public trough, a Tory majority at the next election would be all but guaranteed.

☐ Just how far is the postal persecutor prepared to go? Every time I see James Fenton he is dealing with some fresh merchandise ordered on his behalf. Last week it was the exfoliating cream. This week it was gold necklets. He has also been signed up for a series of books called 'Kings and Queens' (two volumes have already arrived, with a bill for £3.50) and for three limited edition solid sterling silver 1977 Silver Jubilee Commemorative Plates. Total cost: £525. Although I have no wish to encourage the person hounding him, I feel it only fair to report that he is beginning to have a distinctly hunted look.

☐ If David Frost has really sold his 360-minute Nixon interviews to the BBC, then he has been a good deal luckier on this side of the Atlantic than he has been on the other. There all three national networks have virtuously washed their hands of the entire business, leaving poor Frostie to operate as best he can through a strange outfit called 'Syndicast Services'. So far they have come up with only two commercial sponsors – one called 'Weed Eater' (carrying not perhaps the happiest connotations for this particular programme) and the other an automobile company which prefers for the time being not to be identified. I suspect we can all understand why. I mean, would you want to buy a used (or even an unused) car from this man?

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Councillors at Warrington are being urged to stop members of the public speaking at committee meetings, because outspoken militants might be affecting their judgment. – *Manchester Evening News* (S. Loughlin)

☐ Who is the Prime Minister? The two fat schoolgirls eating crisps at a Battersea bus stop giggled nervously. One said Enoch Powell. The other said she wasn't interested in stupid politics and anyway only the juniors at their school did current affairs. The seniors did Scripture. – *Observer* (A. G. Kenyon)

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University Forum

John Griffith*

Taking for Granted

> Can't you persuade your students that a sit-in is the last way of helping at a time when the student image is beginning to improve?

So a Vice-Chancellor (not mine) wrote to me last week. And as he is a man strongly opposed to the Government's policy on increased tuition fees, the cry came from the heart. But he could suggest no way in which that policy could possibly be overturned.

Here we come close to the cause of the present wave of student protest and unrest. As so often, its crest is borne by the swell of frustration. And because the increase is being imposed by the Secretary of State or the Treasury or the cabinet or possibly the military-industrial complex or capitalism or what you will or as you like it but anyway not by someone here and now and visible, so the nearest agency, which is the management of the college or university, is challenged by occupations or whatever.

But that's not quite true either because the Secretary of State has not imposed anything. She has made recommendations only and left the institutions with their 'freedom' to fix what lower fees they like, but she will assume they are adopting her recommendations when she comes to give them the bulk of their income. So they simply lose the money they choose not to collect in full fees. As Ralf Dahrendorf, director of LSE, has said most moderately both the method of announcing the fee increases and the resulting fee level 'border on the irresponsible'.

This is what has happened, is to happen, to fees in universities:

	1966-7 £	1975-6 £	1976-7 £	1977-8 £
Overseas students				
Postgraduate	250	320	416	850
Undergraduate	250	320	416	650
UK Students				
Postgraduate	70	140	182	750
Undergraduate	70	140	182	500

There will be further increases in 1978-9 of amounts which will raise the saving in public expenditure from the £28m. which the increases for 1977-8 are estimated to produce to a total of £42m. These are likely to fall most heavily on postgraduate students, especially those from overseas.

About 90 per cent of UK students are grant-aided (excluding those on the nominal award of £50) and in theory, though by no means always in practice, parental contributions enable most of the remaining 10 per cent to cover their university costs and their maintenance. As the number of postgraduate awards is likely to be reduced, the increase in fees will prevent some UK citizens from pursuing postgraduate courses at their own expense.

But the main effects of the increases will undoubtedly be felt by overseas students and theirs is the cause for which the fight is being joined today. It is not a cause which is universally popular, as the overseas student receives a substantial subsidy from the UK taxpayer. For some right-wing economists (a category not ill-represented in the senior common room of LSE) there is no substantial argument to be set against that fact. But for others, there are a few considerations worth examination. These range from our moral obligation to those from former colonies to the economic advantages that will be significantly diminished if we alienate those with whom we need to trade.

But the international argument for not raising overseas students' fees is the strongest. According to the figures published by UNESCO, in the interchange between advanced countries (principally the UK, France, West Germany, Canada and the US) the UK annually takes about 11,000 students and sends abroad about 12,500, mostly to North America where students are more heavily subsidised, often receiving also maintenance scholarships which we very rarely offer. The UK takes about as many students from poorer countries as do France and Germany. But we are the only Western European country (apart from Eire) which discriminates against overseas students and we have by far the highest fees.

Two consequences are likely to follow from the increase by the Government of overseas students' fees. First, adverse reciprocal action by other countries, not excluding North America but especially by continental countries, will reduce opportunities for our students to study abroad. Already the argument is being advanced that UK actions are contrary to the spirit of the European Communities, and may soon be contrary to their law. Secondly, students from other, especially poorer, countries (but again not excluding North America) will prefer in much larger numbers than at present to study elsewhere rather than in the UK. So we may cease to play in the big league of educational interchange and the damage will be incalculable. The danger is, in these post-imperial, pre-role, days that the UK will once again pursue the policy of a defeated community – a policy which will, in the long run, make that defeat more conclusive.

The universities of the UK are singularly ill-equipped, it now appears, to resist governmental policies of this kind. That famous buffer, the University Grants Committee, which was once hailed as a typical, brilliant British device for protecting university education from the economic control of the Treasury now more resembles a horizontal heavyweight.

The Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals has proved no more effective. In January 1975, the CVCP joined the UGC on a joint working party on tuition fees and produced an interim report in November 1975 which was published, unbelievably, before it had been considered even by the CVCP itself, still less by the universities. The Vice-Chancellor of Southampton University protested vigorously on behalf of his Senate, saying:

> Our principal objections to the report are that its argumentation is inadequate, that it reaches conclusions which are against its arguments, and that, particularly in relation to overseas students' fees, its purported cost-benefit analysis emphasises and exaggerates 'cost' and deals inadequately with 'benefit' and is, in tone, much too defeatist. We feel particularly strongly about this last point. It depresses us to find the anti-discrimination cause being fought in Parliament and the columns of the newspapers while the CVCP and the UGC give the impression that they regard the battle as already lost.

The result was that the Government, in announcing its policy of increased fees for 1976-77, was able to use the report as supportive of its own view. Since then the CVCP has made a number of gentlemanly representations and statements. But the principle had been abandoned and vice-chancellors have been confined to a political seraglio.

It is not surprising that LSE students are among the most militant in their protest. For the two outstanding characteristics of the place and its greatest strengths are the high proportion of postgraduate students (41 per cent compared with a national average of 19 per cent) and of overseas students (37 per cent compared with a national average of 12 per cent). This makes LSE what it is, with a more adult, more cosmopolitan student population than any other university or college in the UK.

Out of 1,150 overseas students, 800 are privately financed. Overseas organisations finance a further 250 but no one knows how they will react to the increase in fees. For LSE therefore what is at stake is its essential character. Over the next few years it could become a place inhabited wholly by natives, some North Americans, and a few Africans, Asians and Arabs carefully selected by their governments or being the sons and daughters of rich parents. LSE as a finishing school for wealthy foreigners was not quite what the Webbs had in mind.

The difficulty facing universities, if the proposed increases are implemented, is how to find savings which will enable them to offset the calamity of those increases and to create a fund which will make possible the waiving of fees in whole or in part for those who need such help. Universities being so labour-intensive, it seems to me that substantial saving can be achieved only by worsening the staff-student ratio. This means, in practical terms, leaving even more posts unfilled when vacancies occur than now.

What is now needed is vigorous, political action by the academic staff of all universities in support not merely of their students but of their institutions. Nothing is less likely.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Day by Day

Although the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is, as we know, the work of many gifted and scholarly hands and, to boot, a mine of valuable information should you happen to require to bone up on whimbrels (a species of small curlew) or the humble glyptodon (fossils with fluted teeth), its varied contributors have cleverly managed to achieve between them a composite style, one of total and stultifying boredom. They should even be able, when the time arrives, to make a dullness out of the excitements of the Second Coming. Anything calling for expressions of feeling or heart or sensibility or warm understanding passes them by and nowhere more so than in the field of diaries, that most human of records. 'It is not necessary that the entries in a diary should be made each day', DAB-DUG pontificates, 'since every life, however full, must contain absolutely empty intervals.'

Rubbish! No interval is empty. Diarists, like everybody else, are for ever doing *something* – eating, sleeping, coughing, snoring, picking their teeth, hiccoughing – and it is this, the small change of life, that is so fascinating. The really important events in important lives automatically drift into the history books and are already known to us. We don't want to hear about Waterloo but what Napoleon ate after stumps were drawn ('The events of the day had somewhat put me off my food and I made but a poor supper').

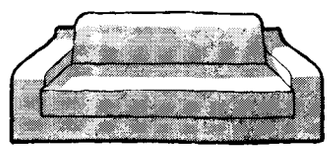
The late 19th century, when time hung heavy on so many hands, is particularly fruitful in diaries. No reading is to me more riveting. One lives and breathes along with the writer. 'Heavy rain overnight, so wet underfoot. Put on my galoshes and went round to call on Canon Bilton. Bilton gone to Worcester for day, so returned home and took off galoshes.' There now! What a picture unfolds itself. The exciting expedition and the prudent precaution against damp, always such a hazard for the Victorians, followed by the sharp disappointment of finding no Bilton. We wonder, with the diarist, why the Canon has gone, or been summoned, to Worcester. A lightning dash to the ecclesiastical outfitters for a fresh set of canonicals? A surprise christening? An appearance before the magistrates as a result of a moment of madness behind the Violet Tea Rooms during the hot spell? We shall never know. And then the writer's return home, the sense of deflation, the sinking into a chair, the removal of the protective footwear. This is the very stuff of diaries. Those who, unlike austere encyclopaedia, possess heart and feeling will rejoice to learn that a few days later the diarist comes upon Canon Bilton 'in the highest of high spirits' walking near Malvern which, though that town was perilously full of tea rooms, clearly reveals that there can have been no grounds for prosecution in Worcester.

Delightful evocations abound in the less well known diaries. The attractive Irish poet, Tom Moore, whose social gifts, melodious warblings among them, wafted him frequently into Holland House and elsewhere, found himself at a smart London gathering with Mrs Siddons. Leaning forward excitedly to hear what the renowned tragedienne might be discussing with Lady Castlereagh (the difficulty of playing Cleopatra? A new slant on Lady Macbeth?), he was able to catch the famous voice's first phrase: 'I do love ale dearly.' And across the years one's heart bleeds for an Oxford undergraduate called Hannington, mad keen on rowing, who one evening during the summer boat races found himself recording: 'Of all atrocious horrors this is the most disgusting. We have been bumped by Keble.' Hannington became a missionary and, rashly venturing into East Africa, was briskly speared to death by the Nasai tribe and presented as a *bonne bouche* to the hyenas, but this little mishap was clearly only one of life's pinpricks compared with that frightful day on the Iain.

And then there is little Scottish Anne Chalmers, aged 17, who kept a diary for just one year and was a fool for a dog-collar. 'I am very partial to English clergymen. They are very agreeable though generally of short stature.' She comes to London and raises her sights. 'I begin to like bishops very much. The Bishop of London is very handsome.' Taken to the House of Lords, she feasts her eyes on 'the bench of bishops', subsequently meeting Bishop Wilberforce, known to all as 'Soapy Sam' and a great one for hearing the first cuckoo, but finding him a bit of a let-down ('Unfortunately, his neck was so short'). What happened to Anne? Did she manage to ensnare a gaitered charmer with a long neck and marry him? Did they in turn beget bishops? Alas, the mists close.

Are all diary-keepers egotists? Not even the *Encyclopaedia* dares face this question. It is certainly true that a lot of them are much concerned about their health and indeed I am able to pass on to hypochondriacs and health-faddists in general various remedies culled from diaries here and there which may prove efficacious in previously stubborn cases. To treat convulsions, apply dead pigeons to the head, and for nose-bleeding, hang a dried toad round the neck. For 'troubled bowels', brew a pot of Wainwright's tea and for griping spasms mix purgative drugs of aloes and aromatic bark. Then there is flatulence (don't stint the spinach), rheumatic pains (rub all joints with cider apples), cricked neck (hot plaster to the shoulder blades and shave the head) and sprained foot (apply snails). For 'weak and slow motions' I'm afraid there is nothing more practical suggested than pray night and morning.

After their health, diarists' biggest preoccupations are the weather (with hail, lightning and thunderbolts special favourites) and food. Among a wide range of fat and well-liking priests, first prize for gluttony goes undoubtedly to the celebrated 18th-century Parson Woodforde. An idea of his standards is revealed when a Mrs Badham and her niece drop in unexpectedly and take pot luck for dinner, pot luck consisting of a neck of veal, pork and greens, a Norfolk pudding, and roast fowl with asparagus (profuse apologies for the meagre fare). There is barely room between the dishes to squeeze in the obese divine's everyday comments – pea soup, mutton and *capers, partridge pie* ('*Mr Mann died of a* bad putrid fever'), goose, batter pudding, beef patties ('Sensations of gouty wind flying about me') boiled pike, veal cutlets, macaroni ('Poor old Mrs Brewster is dead'), cod and shrimp sauce, damson pudding, mince pies, turkey, ham ('I think that I am gaining strength'). Nothing, not even the approach of death, lessens the nutritional intake and it is fitting that the diary's last entry of all, a final gasp in a wobbly hand, should be 'Dinner today, roast beef, etc.'



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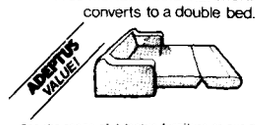

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Letters to the Editor

Constraints of Office

Sir, Your most recent leading article ('The Great Westminster Disaster', NS 25 February) criticises members of the Government for 'presenting themselves as pragmatists, unburdened by doctrinaire ideology', and urges them 'to return to the paths of righteousness [adopted] after the defeat of 1970', thereby improving their electoral prospects as well as doing right by 'working-class men and women'.

However, the Government has not willingly abandoned these principles but has been compelled to do so by the constraints of office which in turn derive from the constraints of the real world. Conservative governments suffer just as much in this respect, taking office with promises to reduce state interference and to allow the creation of wealth to take care of itself only to find that in reality such a laissez-faire, cavalier policy has no such effect. Similarly, Labour governments take office promising 'social justice and social welfare' merely to discover that such objectives can only be secured by exercising the tightest control of all economic resources, which includes the spending power of 'working-class men and women'. The Labour government defeated in 1970 could not have saved itself by being more left-wing, any more than the Conservative government rejected in 1974 could have saved itself by being more right-wing; and nor will the present Labour administration. Voters are not exactly showing their zeal for more socialism if recent by-elections are any indication. Equally, if Mrs Thatcher were to take power, Conservative Party doctrine, if faithfully followed, would not save her from a drubbing at the election after next.

Of course it was easy for Labour leaders to 'acknowledge' the mistakes of the 1964-70 government and to make 'confessions of error', even 'loud and generally sincere' ones, after the election defeat while they were in Opposition, just as it is now easy for Conservatives to bewail their deviation from the straight and narrow during the 1970-74 period. Yet governments do not lose elections by jettisoning party dogma, but because the electorate, continually encouraged to be dissatisfied with its lot, and not least by politicians, blames its ills on the existing government, ejects it and installs the other party at regular, if decent, intervals. This has nothing to do with whether the governing party has adhered to its basic philosophy. If the constraints of office compel both parties to compromise their principles, it cannot be those constraints which are mistaken but the principles themselves, and therefore the sooner they are dropped, or changed for more practical ones, the better.

D. WOTHERSPOON

100 Ledbury Road
London W11

Jones's Secret Ballot

Sir, Eric Jacobs in his letter (NS 25 February) ignores the main points made in my letter on the important issue of the Bullock Report and only deals with the issue of the election of General Secretary of the TGWU.

The TGWU is more than its General Secretary. The power attributed to me by Mr Jacobs is truly remarkable. It is a pity he cannot understand the true nature of the TGWU, where the authority to make policy and to alter policy rests with the elected lay representatives of the union rank and file membership.

Eric Jacobs's suggestion that officials' appointments are influenced by me is astounding and completely untrue. With the exception of the General Secretary – who is elected by secret ballot of the membership – all officials of the Union are appointed by the General Executive Council which is the elected rank and file body of the union. This practice follows very similarly the pattern of the local municipal authorities and is designed to ensure accountability to a democratically elected body, at the same time as trying to provide for maximum efficiency and ability amongst the officers who are responsible for serving the members.

JACK JONES
General Secretary
Transport and General Workers Union
Smith Square
London SW1

Areopagitica – Vorster Style

Sir, In his letter (NS 7 January) Mr Jeffrey Simmons says: 'I can comment from experience about the South African system of seeking to prevent their citizens from reading English-language books that are fully available in all other parts of the world with which South Africa wants to be associated.' He goes on to say: 'No country in the world bans more books than South Africa.' The banning of books and people is as repugnant to me as to Mr Simmons, but let's get the facts right. As a London publisher, he must know that we sell more books in South Africa than in any other market except Australia. The Cape Town agent of three London publishers says he sells about 100,000 books a year, handling 300 titles, of which an average eight are banned. The biggest London publisher represented in South Africa has a turnover of £1m. None of this gives the impression of South Africans being deprived of British books.

According to the 1976 Report of the South African Publications Appeal Board, 'all universities currently have full exemption, enabling them to acquire any publication declared undesirable, except those publications of a communistic nature, for *bona fide* study and research purposes. Universities can, in fact acquire communistic publications which are scientific works on communism and are not specifically intended to promote communism.' So even Marx, it seems, can still get his say in South Africa.

ELIZABETH MUIR

85 George Street
Salford, Lancashire

Kropotkin and Violence

Sir, For once Paul Johnson is right, when he says that Kropotkin supported violence – if that is what he does say, for it isn't quite clear (NS 11 February) – and H. M. Jones and Peter Hain are both wrong when they try to correct him (NS 25 February). Jones argues that Kropotkin 'was universally loved for his gentleness and peaceful approach to politics', and Hain argues that Kropotkin 'was perhaps the most strongly committed to non-violence of all the classical anarchists'. This is pure myth, based on a confusion between personal life and political thought and on ignorance of what he actually wrote. In fact Kropotkin consistently advocated violent revolution from his entry into the anarchist movement in 1872 to his death in 1921 – like Bakunin and Malatesta, and unlike Godwin or Proudhon or Stirner or Tucker or Tolstoy. The evidence would fill a book, but a paragraph should be sufficient.

Kropotkin's first major political writing in Russia was a call for peasant risings (1873); one of his first major political writings in the West was a call for propaganda by deed (1877); in Switzerland he published repeated calls for popular insurrection (1879-1881), for which he was expelled from the country; he supported the assassins of the Tsar, and at the last International Anarchist Congress in London he defended such terrorism (1881); he was imprisoned for involvement in anarchist violence in France (1883-1886), and although he wasn't actually involved he wasn't opposed to such methods; in Britain he moderated his tone but never abandoned his belief in armed struggle, and while he condemned deliberate individual terrorism he defended spontaneous mass violence (1886-1917); his main political book, *The Conquest of Bread*, assumed that revolution would begin with the forcible destruction of authority and expropriation of property (1892); he explicitly challenged Tolstoy's principle of non-violence (1897); he welcomed the first Russian revolution, and practised his shooting when planning to return to join it (1905-1906); he continued to call for popular insurrection both in the West (1910) and in Russia (1912); he supported the First World War from beginning to end (1914-1918); he welcomed the second Russian revolution, and returned to join it (1917); his last major political writing was a description of violent revolution as an inevitable phenomenon (1920).

For nearly half a century Kropotkin was a revolutionary anarchist communist who had no time for well-meaning but ill-informed attempts to co-opt him into pacifism or liberalism, and the repetition of such attempts is no service to his memory or to the truth.

NICOLAS WALTER

134 Northumberland Road
Harrow, Middlesex

Orthodoxy at the LSE

Sir, As a student at the LSE from 1967 to 1975, I feel bound to correct several inaccuracies in Peter Chapman's account of the situation there (NS 18 February). Firstly, the administration of the LSE did not promote the idea of the School as an all-graduate institution during the disturbances of the late Sixties. That controversy occurred much earlier and was settled by 1967. Moreover, it is a travesty to suggest that graduate students are inherently less inclined to radical action. The large number of graduate students active in LSE student politics in the Sixties provides ample evidence to the contrary.

Mr Chapman's picture of an increasingly conservative student body is also inaccurate. He cites as proof the election of a Conservative to the students' executive. Yet in 1967-8, in the middle of the period he regards as radical, the president of the students' union was a member of the Bow Group. Mr Chapman's analysis of the economics taught at the LSE may be correct, but he does his case no service by positing the existence of some Golden Age of radicalism at that institution. The fact is that LSE owes its revolutionary reputation much more to its proximity to Fleet Street than any actions ever undertaken by students or staff.

C. R. PICKERING

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Bournemouth, Dorset

Crosland and Gaitskell

Sir, James Fenton's piece on 'Labour Without Crosland' (NS 18 February) is at least a lot fairer and more accurate than the attempt at a profile of Anthony Crosland which you published last year (NS 19 November); but, just as that profile unfairly attacked Crosland on the basis of one book of his published 20 years ago, so Mr Fenton falls into the error of supposing that Crosland was as much a Gaitskellite as Roy Jenkins and his followers, and

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underestimating him accordingly. Certainly, Crosland (to quote Anthony Howard and Richard West, in *The Making of the Prime Minister*) was 'the disciple whom Gaitskell loved': but it would be a great mistake to equate Crosland and his followers with the quasi-Liberal Jenkinsites within the Labour movement. Crosland wrote many speeches and articles between 1956 and 1977: he did not stay stuck in the Gaitskellite mould, but moved from the position expounded in *The Future of Socialism* to the point where, had he been Chancellor last December, he would have resisted the Treasury officials (the 'most powerful men in Britain' according to your front page of 18 February) and prevented the mess that Healey has now landed us in. Surely this is the real tragedy, and the point which I had hoped the NEW STATESMAN would emphasise in any tribute to Crosland: that he did not live to be Chancellor of the Exchequer and clear up the economy with Labour policies very different from Healey's Tory ideas.

It is good to see that at least one NEW STATESMAN writer has decided to do some justice to Crosland and his achievement, and to redress the balance upset by last year's profile: it is a great pity that Crosland's many admirers had to wait until his final illness for that redressing. Perhaps in future we can expect to see more references to Crosland's own contribution to British socialism, and less of this dismissal of him as just another Gaitskellite.

PATRICK HEENAN

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Whose Reign in Spain?

Sir, Keith Morfett's account (NS 18 January) of his stay in the DGS after Spain's worst night of terrorism this year well characterises the fears and uncertainties which currently accompany life in Madrid. Five days and as many deaths after his arrest, an American friend and I were speculating as to how long it would be before our respective governments flew us out of Madrid as aliens in someone else's civil strife. The block where I live backs on to the Calle del Barquillo, where a student was shot to death at point-blank range last October by the extreme right-wing Warriors of Christ the King; we are two blocks away from where, last night, an arms factory allegedly belonging to the same group was found. The shadowy GRAPO (extreme Right? extreme Left? operating with the connivance of figures in authority?) is public enemy number one, and nerves are tense where more than five people are gathered togther, be it only a weekly meeting of friends.

Yet from our front room I have also witnessed a demonstration – on the second day of Mr Morfett's imprisonment – where more than 100,000 people of all ages gathered to protest silently, fists raised, at the murdered lawyers' funeral. A CP 'peace squad' linked arms along the pavements to maintain order, and the same CP – today again refused legal status – published an 'In Memoriam' notice for the three members of the 'forces of order' killed on the Friday of the same bloody week. Mr Morfett's experience *is* frightening, but he *was* released *sin golpes,* and perhaps he would have had less trouble in this highly bureaucratic state if he had been carrying his passport.

Without apologising for the *grises* – I won't waste space in recounting horror stories told to me – perhaps we may add Mr Morfett's harrowing, but ultimately innocuous, experience to the tenuous victories which have prevented further bloodshed on the same scale, and which may lead this tortured country to some form of meaningful democracy.

CHRISTINE R. STOPP

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Madrid

Rushing Waters

Sir, In your issue of 11 February 1977, Naomi Shepherd wrote regarding Israel's ties with South Africa that: '. . . Israel is currently negotiating for cheaply-mined African coal to fuel the giant power station now under construction near Hadera in central Israel which will need some 3 million tons yearly'. It astonishes me that Israel should have to use imported coal, which must be a severe drain on her foreign exchange, when she could channel salt water from the Mediterranean down to the Dead Sea to produce an astronomical amount of electricity.

Bartley C. Crum, (appointed by President Truman as one of six American members of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine) in his book, *Behind the Silken Curtain,* Simon & Schuster, New York, 1947, wrote on p. 234 'If a channel were cut from the Mediterranean at sea level eastward until it met the river, which drops down to the Dead Sea – 1,300 feet below sea level – the waters of the Mediterranean would roar down in a power-generating cascade. This would be a source of cheap hydro-electrical power for all Palestine, similar to our Tennessee Valley Authority.'

If it were asked was Crum an engineer capable of making a practical proposal of that sort, the answer would be as described in his book that he had the expert advice of Dr Hays and Dr Savage, two eminent American engineers: 'Hays had formerly been associated with the planning of the Tennessee Valley Authority and it was he who had worked out the detailed proposals for a Jordan Valley Authority which were placed before us. Savage, probably the world's foremost irrigation engineer, was the genius behind the construction of Boulder Dam.'

Rational world, isn't it?

SAMUEL GAMPEL

5896 Main Street
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J. D. Bernal

Sir, I have been asked by the trustees of the late Professor J. D. Bernal to collect material for the authorised biographical study. I should be grateful for the loan of any such material, which can be sent to the address below and which will be acknowledged and returned in due course.

MARTIN BERNAL

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Belsize Grove, NW3

Roots, Symbolism and Mr Carter

Sir, Alexander Cockburn, writing about *Roots* (NS 4 February) spoke of Haley's 'discovery of his actual lineage on the Gold Coast'. I fear it is not the Gold Coast but The Gambia. The village is Juffure, on the north bank of the Gambia River.

M. D. N'JIEZ

Information Office
Banjul, The Gambia

South Sea Gremlins

Sir, How nice to see the gremlins get their own back on Mervyn Jones last week (NS 25 February). Between 'Relax, printers – it says "masked"' and '*Writers News* (so spelled, no apostrophe)' we were given Melville's *Types.* I wonder what case they came out of (relax, printers – a subtle technical joke). But I thought every literate elite knows the correct title, *Typee,* or do they?

TIM WILKINSON

The Folio Society Ltd
202 Great Suffolk Street
London SE1

About Oxford books

Rabies – The Facts

In a world afflicted by countless varieties of disease, together responsible for more deaths and more misery than all the weapons invented by man, rabies stands out as uniquely terrifying. The infection is usually transmitted to man by a savage bite from a mad dog; treatment is painful and uncertain; there is a long nerve-racking delay; and finally if the disease appears it is agonizing and fatal. Rabies was common in Britain until it was eliminated 75 years ago; recent years have seen an increase in popular awareness of the subject, and public concern has been aroused by threats that the disease may return to these islands. **Rabies – The Facts,** edited by Colin Kaplan and published next week, presents the biological and medical details of rabies, and discusses present policies, in the UK and elsewhere, for its prevention and elimination. Eight experts in different fields explain what can be done to contain and treat rabies, and spell out the implications for those who own or care for animals. £1.95

Poets of Wales

The Oxford Book of Welsh Verse in English is the most comprehensive anthology of Welsh poetry yet to appear. Its choice of 238 poems is designed to acquaint the English-language reader with the Welsh poetic achievement from its beginnings in the Heroic Age of Britain to the present day. From the poetry which has been composed and recorded uninterruptedly in the Welsh language since the sixth century, it presents in English translation 141 poems, by 95 poets known and unknown, from Aneirin and Taliesin to Dafydd ap Gwilym and the masters of the *cywydd* and onwards to Williams Pantycelyn and Goronwy Owen. The verse written by Welshmen in the English language, beginning in Tudor times, is displayed here in classic works as different as Christopher Smart's *A Song to David* and David Jones's *In Parenthesis,* and in all by 97 poems by 44 authors. The choice of twentieth-century poems is particularly wide-ranging, taking in work by such outstanding Welsh-language poets as T. Gwynn Jones, R. Williams Parry, Saunders Lewis, and Waldo Williams, which is little known in translation, as well as English-language poems as famous as Wilfred Owen's *Miners* and Dylan Thomas's *Fern Hill.* The book is edited by Gwyn Jones, and was published on Tuesday, St. David's Day, at £3.95.

God B.C.

The Bishop of London has chosen as his Lent Book for 1977 Anthony Phillips's new book, **God B.C.** – a convincing, lucid, original account of the God of the Old Testament and the stages in the Israelites' understanding of Him. In it Dr. Phillips lays bare the essential nature of Old Testament belief, in a cogent analysis of the Book of Job, and explains how the New Testament confirms the Old in revealing the one unchanging God in the person of Jesus Christ. £2.50 *Oxford Paperbacks* 95p.

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Why has Europe adopted the 20AX

Because this new 110° colour tube system is the most important advance in set design since the arrival of colour TV itself. Tube bulkiness and circuit complexities have been 'designed-out'. The result? Slimmer, elegant, more reliable sets which warm up fast, maintaining a first-class colour picture over a much longer period.
20AX – it's known as 'Eurocolour' across the Channel – is a dramatically simpler way to get colour TV precisely right. It is a technological advance which represents more than twenty years research and development and marks a new era in television electronics design. No other 110° colour tube system in the world is so advanced.

What is the 20AX system?

It is the only fully self-converging slimline 110° tube system available for picture tubes in 18, 20, 22 and 26 inch sizes.

How do ordinary TV sets work?

Until now the inside of most colour TV screens has been coated with a million dots of red, green and blue phosphors, arranged in tiny triangles.

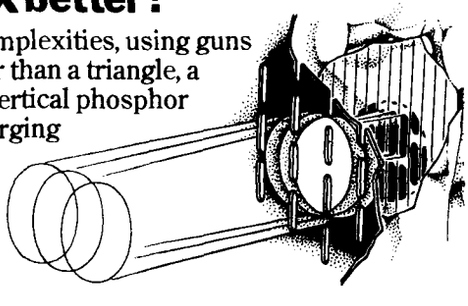
The dots become a colour picture when they are made to glow by firing beams of electrons at them from three electron guns housed in the neck of the picture tube.

The guns, one for each colour, are arranged, like the dots, in a triangle.

The beams are guided to their targets through thousands of tiny holes in what is known as a shadow mask. Getting the triangle of beams to land precisely on a triangle of dots is known as convergence and, for a perfect picture, this has to be done across the whole screen, twenty-five times a second. To achieve this, many extra electronic components are needed and up to eighteen complex convergence adjustments have to be made before a set leaves the factory.

So how is 20AX better?

20AX gets rid of the complexities, using guns arranged in a line rather than a triangle, a slotted shadow mask, vertical phosphor stripes and a self-converging deflection yoke. The result is perfect colour registration from the centre of the picture right out to the



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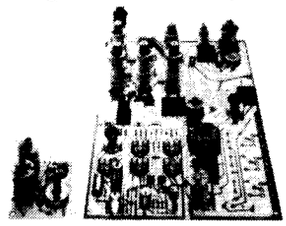
enthusiastically colour TV system?

corners. The 20AX system achieves this automatically, eliminating many components and adjustments required in conventional sets.

What does this mean for the viewer?

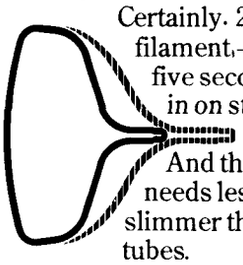
For a start, the fewer the components, the fewer there are to go wrong. But there's more to 20AX than that. Not only does it give an excellent picture with perfect colour registration right out to the corners, but this quality is maintained for a long, long time. In other words, better picture quality and greater reliability.



20AX system Conventional system

Compare the complexity of these typical correction circuits.

Any other advantages?



Certainly. 20AX has the bonus of a 'quick warm-up' filament – which means a picture within about five seconds, without leaving the set plugged in on stand-by, which is safer and saves electricity.

And the new Mullard 20AX 110° tube needs less space, so 20AX sets are slimmer than sets with conventional tubes.

What does this mean for Britain?

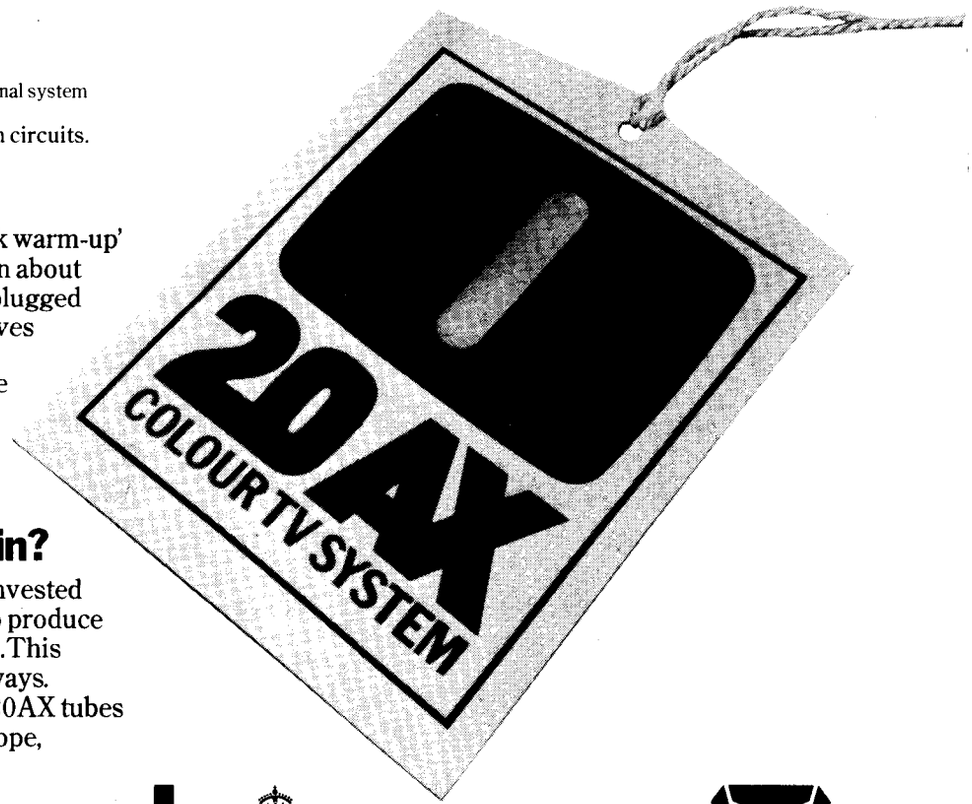
Mullard, now Britain's only TV tube maker, has invested £7 million in re-equipping three of its factories to produce the new tubes and components wanted for 20AX. This investment is already paying off in a number of ways.

In 1976, in addition to the £6 million worth of 20AX tubes and components which Mullard exported to Europe, British-made TV sets – using 20AX components from Mullard – were capturing a share of this discerning market. Europe demands sets which provide high reliability and embody the very latest technology. With 20AX British set manufacturers were well able to satisfy these requirements.

We are proud that 20AX is spearheading the British TV export drive for both the set manufacturers and Mullard. And, of course, on both counts British jobs are protected.

20AX looks like a great leap forward

It is indeed. So when you come to buy or hire your next colour TV, demonstrate your knowledge, ask the sales person about 20AX. You're bound to see the 20AX symbol in your TV showroom soon.



Mullard

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

David Watt

The Parity Line

Ramsay MacDonald by DAVID MARQUAND
Cape £12.50

It was an interesting and ingenious gesture of Anthony Wedgwood Benn's to circulate to his cabinet colleagues last November the cabinet minutes of the 1931 crisis. The long, child's history of the Labour movement contains many touching illustrations but none so inspiring as the picture of Arthur Henderson and his gallant band of true Socialists shaking their fists in defiance of the international bankers while the arch-traitor Ramsay MacDonald and his lantern-jawed henchman, Snowden, slink off to Buckingham Palace (where else?) to complete the sale of the working class to the Tory bosses.

This edifying scene, in which, incidentally, a rather shamefaced Benn senior can be dimly discerned in the back row, was presumably intended to strike such terror into the hearts of the Callaghan cabinet that they would immediately reform their ways and adopt the *Tribune* Group's 'alternative strategy' of a siege economy. But oddly enough it seems to have had, if anything, the opposite effect. A number of ministers, notably Anthony Crosland, were reminded, not simply that the cuts proposed by the IMF last year were chicken-feed compared with what was being imposed on the unemployed in 1931 but, more important, that if they actually succeeded in defeating the Prime Minister and the Chancellor in Cabinet they would simply bring down the Labour Government without preventing the cuts from being made.

The failure of Arthur Henderson and the others to face the same reality in August 1931 is naturally the foundation stone on which David Marquand rests his defence of MacDonald in the first major biography anyone has dared to write of the great apostate. Broadly speaking, his thesis is that MacDonald did not understand the new Keynesian economics, nor did he seriously challenge the conventional wisdom that anything was better than that Britain should come off the gold standard. But then neither did any of his opponents in the Labour cabinet at the time. Even Ernest Bevin and the TUC did not at that stage deny that some sort of measures had to be taken to hold the parity. Once this was admitted, then the argument for balancing the budget was unassailable because nothing else would restore foreign confidence in sterling. MacDonald accepted this logic and, moreover, being a patriot, threw his own reputation into the scales by becoming Prime Minister of a national coalition with the 'class enemy'. The 'loyalist' ministers ran away and put the preservation of Labour unity above the national interest.

This line of argument, which is pretty much what MacDonald himself adopted in a series of astonishingly savage letters and speeches after the split, seems touching and plausible in the light of recent events. The reason why it was overwhelmed in 1931 (and, for that matter, may not satisfy the Left or the trade unions even now) is partly that MacDonald committed the fatal error of running a subsequent general election campaign against his own party – and winning. But there was a more fundamental problem in the fact that MacDonald's 'treason' was obviously no aberration and could therefore be portrayed by a brilliant propagandist like Laski as the long-contemplated product of an 'unsound' character:

> Timid, indecisive, vain of applause, he shrank from the price of unpopularity among a society [i.e. the Conservative upper classes] he had growingly come to esteem . . . Its own faith in its standards gave him standards he could not otherwise attain.

Marquand's book attempts to demolish this attack – not by denying that MacDonald acted in character, but on the contrary by showing that the actions that destroyed his career sprang logically from an able and honourable mind and from the experience of the 40 years of Labour politics that had preceded them. In other words, he was, more than most, a consistent politician and it is not really possible to blackguard him for 1931 without having to cast aspersions on his extraordinary achievements earlier on.

What were these? The first, which emerges more clearly than ever before from Marquand's intricate researches, was his success as a conciliator. MacDonald was elected leader of the Labour Party in 1911 mainly because he had shown during the previous decade as its Secretary that he was the one man who could reconcile the Independent Labour Party and its militant socialism with the rather erratic pragmatism of the trade unions and other Liberal converts. He was able to straddle this gap by force of personality but also because his particular theory of socialism was suitable to the exercise. Marquand makes us understand that, to MacDonald, socialism was an ideal state of society, or rather, perhaps, a state of mind, in which everyone recognised his overriding duty to his neighbour. We were gradually evolving in Darwinian style towards this high condition, and while the pace of the evolution could be hastened a little by pressure on behalf of the needy it could never be forced. Socialism would be built on the success of capitalism, not its failure. It was not a weapon in a class war; it was not even the exclusive prerogative of a party, though Labour was the most promising base for socialist activities.

These views fortified MacDonald in a highly effective stance, once described as 'vehement moderation', during the protracted struggle to establish Labour as the legitimate rival of Liberalism within the constitution. But they were bound to lead to tension as soon as economic circumstances revived Marxist notions and the sectional interest of the unions. This happened in the stormy period of industrial unrest between 1911 and 1914 when he adopted an ungrateful 'honest broker's' role, supporting strikers' demands but berating their methods and telling the House of Commons in February 1912:

> We are too fond of imagining there are only two sides to a dispute . . . There is the side of Capital, there is the side of Labour and there is the side of the general community; and the general community has no business to allow Capital and Labour, fighting their battles themselves, to elbow them out of consideration.

After the war the class question rapidly came to the front again. MacDonald quickly became disillusioned with Lenin and embarked on a bruising struggle to prevent Labour joining the Third International. He remained aloof from the General Strike, which he described in his diary as 'one of the most lamentable adventures in crowd self-leadership of our labour history'. After this, 1931 does not seem so surprising. Indeed the question arises why the bust-up between MacDonald's national conception of Labour and the class conception did not occur sooner.

The answer which emerges from Marquand really has to do with MacDonald's Scottishness. In the first place there was a moral dimension to MacDonald that transcended the theoretical argument and it was a morality of a peculiarly Scottish kind. He was a spellbinder with the voice and language and appearance of an Old Testament prophet. He appealed to the ordinary worker by foretelling the coming of a new Heaven and a new Earth and the day when the tears would be wiped away from all eyes. His principled opposition to the first world war – for which he gave up the leadership – made him the hero of the ILP idealists.

His other asset, still more distinctively Scottish, was his ability to skip across the class boundaries at a time when they were particularly high. Marquand is extremely good on all this. MacDonald was a genuine working-class lad from Lossiemouth, but he was at the same time quite obviously a man of hard-headed practical ability, a man of great natural dignity, and a man who had imbibed a liberal education at one of the purest founts of 19th-century learning – a small-town Scottish high school. Upper-middle-class Fabians like the Webbs were always uncomfortable with him, perhaps because he was difficult to patronise, but the Establishment accepted him because they could not place him in the normal categories and the workers were proud of him because he was accepted by the Establishment.

As in the case of his theoretical position, a certain price had to be paid for these advantages. Like other contemporary Scotsmen on the make – Lord Reith or John Buchan, for instance – he displayed a certain naïve snobbery and vanity. He had a Celtic streak of mawkishness and another

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of rather self-pitying pessimism which was deepened still further by perennial loneliness (his wife died in 1911). A typical diary entry on New Year's Eve 1917 begins:

> I cannot go to bed till the New Year comes in, and the Old is at the point of death. It demands an account of my stewardship to take with it – where? Who knows? Maybe into nothingness. What can I say? Work, work! Effort, effort! That is all.

Another, in 1919, ends, 'I read for consolation Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* and the Minor prophets.'

Such a man was indeed susceptible to the psychological comforts of flattery, particularly from women: hence his vulnerability to the Laski line of attack. But the achievements remain – and so does the fundamental dilemma of every Labour leader from MacDonald to Callaghan. The choice lies between a national mandate soured by trade-union disenchantment or a class programme leading to electoral disaster. When this beautifully intelligent book was begun more than a decade ago it looked as if Harold Wilson, like MacDonald, might still take his chance on the first option: when it was finished last year he had abandoned his party to the second and fled the scene. David Marquand is too subtle and perhaps too political an historian to say that MacDonald took the wiser part. But the case is made, nevertheless, that he took the braver.

Kenneth Robinson

Noble Patron

The Nationalization of Culture by JANET MINIHAN *Hamish Hamilton* £8.50

The title that Dr Minihan has chosen is distinctly misleading. 'The Nationalization of Culture', from the pen of an American writer, suggests echoes of the normally disparaging phrase 'socialised medicine' on the lips of a New York surgeon. But in fact the author has no anti-socialist axe to grind and treats her subject from a wholly sympathetic standpoint. What her book does, and does with admirable thoroughness, is to trace the history of state involvement with the arts in Britain from its hesitant beginnings in the late 18th century to the unequivocal commitment represented by the establishment and steady growth of the Arts Council. The scope of this study goes even beyond its secondary title – 'the development of state subsidies to the arts in Great Britain' – since Dr Minihan reviews the role of the state as patron of the arts as well as the provider of subsidy, a distinction which her book tends to blur.

Time and again throughout the two centuries under review the same themes reappear. The politicians seemed always to display a sense of guilt about the propriety of diverting public money to the arts, and there is a monotony about parliamentary debate on the subject across more than a hundred years. Each time we have a handful of activists facing a solid majority who insisted on regarding the arts as elitist, at best peripheral if not frivolous, and irrelevant to the serious business of government. That the enthusiasts steadily gained ground throughout the 19th century was due perhaps less to their eloquence and persuasion than to their choice of debating ground.

There was, they argued, a genuine commercial benefit to be derived from improving the design and quality of British manufactured goods, and what better way of achieving this than to educate the working man to appreciate the ennobling qualities of the classical arts and to acquire at least the rudiments of artistic taste. Such arguments not only went far towards exorcising the feelings of guilt among the parliamentarians but were well attuned to the materialist values of mid-Victorian England. One important outcome of these campaigns was the establishment of a network of Schools of Design, later called Schools of Art, which constituted the beginnings of art education for the workers. Alongside this development, stimulated by such men as Sir Henry Cole and Ruskin, came the museums movement. State and local government aid was almost always on a niggardly scale, but it sometimes had the effect of stimulating private individuals to join the march. For example, no government support was even sought for the Great Exhibition of 1851; it was financed entirely from private sources and incidentally made a handsome profit.

As early as 1835 a Select Committee on Arts and Manufactures had been set up by Parliament and reported the following year. While stressing the link between art and industry, the final report – a parliamentary best-seller – sketched out what was seen to be the function of government in the following terms:

> The interposition of the government should not extend to interference; it should aim at the development and extension of art; but it should neither control its action, nor force its cultivation.

More than a century was to elapse before a coherent policy based on these admirable precepts finally emerged.

Perhaps the most lasting achievement of the 19th century was the development of the museum movements and in particular the great complex of museums in South Kensington. All this is well researched and documented by Dr Minihan. There were sporadic attempts at state patronage of the arts, notably in the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, an exercise which became something of a shambles and led to interminable argument and delay. Government parsimony prevailed from the 1880s to the first world war and beyond, and little new ground was broken. The record of the local authorities, who already had powers which could have been used in support of the arts, was no less dismal.

Up to this point such assistance as had been extracted from the state in support of the arts had been restricted to the visual arts. Vested interests, notably the commercial theatre, had seen to it that any tentative move towards subsidy for the performing arts was quickly snuffed out. The establishment of the British Broadcasting Corporation as a public body in 1927 did, however, enable it to become a vehicle for sponsoring and subsidising the performing arts, especially music. Then came Philip Snowden's quite remarkable undertaking, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1930, to give financial assistance to Covent Garden Opera, a request which his predecessor Winston Churchill had refused a year earlier. The subsidy was small and the method convoluted, involving the Post Office and the BBC, but Snowden's gesture underlines Dr Minihan's claim that most of the significant advances in state aid for the arts in the present century have come from Labour governments. The Covent Garden grant lasted just two years before a combination of philistine pressures and economic crisis brought it to an end.

World War II changed everything with the creation, within a month or two of its outbreak, of the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts. Even CEMA was initially funded from a private source, the Pilgrim Trust, which on being asked for £5,000 by the Education Minister promptly offered £25,000. When this sum was exhausted in a few months, the government matched it and thereafter assumed full financial responsibility. Under Keynes's guidance CEMA grew and prospered, and soon after the war ended was transformed into the Arts Council. In Dr Minihan's words:

> In a single decade, during and after the second world war, the British Government did more to commit itself to supporting the arts than it had in the previous century and a half.

The war of principle was won, even if the battles of quantum, of distribution, and of policy are likely to continue for a long time to come.

David Caute

Dream Palaces

The Arabs and the English by SARI J. NASIR *Longman* £7.50

Arab Nationalism: An Anthology edited by SYLVIA G. HAIM *California* £10.20 and £2.80

Guilt is a luxury that a master race – or the squadron of its intelligentsia assigned to self-laceration – can well afford. But the English now find themselves in the deplorable condition of collapsing into minuscule insignificance while still under relentless prosecution for sins committed in that long-lost season when their sun never set. It's rather like having to pay arrears of super-tax when you're on social security. Reading Dr Nasir's *The Arabs and the English*, a catalogue of our cultural arrogance over the centuries, one kneels out of shame; and, glancing sideways at the phenomenal rise in Arab confidence and economic power, one might well mutter, 'Eat me if you must'.

Dr Nasir, a Palestinian twice exiled from his homeland and now teaching at the University of Jordan, is clearly pained by his reading of the English explorers, adventurers, scholars, travellers, soldiers, spies and romantic ladies who spun lurid tales of the Arabs and their dark customs. The composite portrait of the urban Arab which

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emerges from the recurring images of English writers is that of a wily, treacherous, 'lurking' mercenary, a slave-trader, thief and cut-throat, an infidel. According to Richard Burton, urban Arabs were as 'rancorous and revengeful as camels'.

Many English travellers, of course, fell in love with the Arabs, but even here Dr Nasir finds little balm to soothe the wounded pride of his people. He is right: there was poison in the honey of the Arabian Nights cult of the exotic East, as if Arabs had been bred out of the occult to delight the imagination of children. The English romanticisation of the simple, brave nomadic Bedouin strikes the modern Arab intellectual as a form of disparagement. T. E. Lawrence's report of his beloved tribesmen is a case in point, and one which Dr Nasir does not miss: 'Their minds were strange and dark, full of depressions and exaltations, lacking the rule . . . They were as unstable as water, and like water would perhaps finally prevail.' Lady Hester Stanhope's exultant claim that she had become the 'queen and goddess of wild Arabs' is quoted more in sorrow than in anger, though anger throbs between the lines of almost every page.

Yet the author does find occasional oases in the desert of English prejudice and arrogance, notably in the writings of 16th- and 17th-century Arabists like William Bedwell, Edmund Castell and Edward Pococke, the latter professors of Arabic at Cambridge and Oxford respectively. For it was they who first recognised and advertised to an incredulous audience the achievements of Arab poetry, science and learning. 'Arab scholars were studying Aristotle when Charlemagne and his lords were learning to write their names,' Dr Nasir reminds us. Quite so: would that we, too, could discover our worth through such long telescopes.

One particular source of pain to Dr Nasir is the constant obsession of Christians that Moslems are infidels. Here I think he might have smuggled a smile through the lowcast sky of his story. Though such prejudice is deplorable, surely he will leave us some little cultural cud of our own to chew with toothless gums. (Of course, as Arnold Toynbee almost said, where the oil flows, God flows too.) Dr Nasir's people, after all, have not been without their own endearing prejudices, a mild example of which I discover in the anthology of modern Arab statements called *Arab Nationalism*. Here is quoted a contributor to Colonel Mu'ammar al-Qadhafi's *On the Third Theory*, a work which scarcely ranks as a milestone in ecumenical reconciliation. For example:

> The idea of *jihad* (holy war) is essential to our relationship with the rest of the world . . . *Jihad* with the sword, for the sake of God, using every method, must govern our relations with the outside world in order to spread the message.

Towards the end of his book, having to his own satisfaction exposed the almost total seizure of the modern English mind by Zionism, Dr Nasir cites a cautionary tale from our own time. Apparently an honest Englishman called Mayhew approached a television producer who was planning a life of Moses. 'How will the Egyptians come out of it?' Mayhew asked searchingly. After a pause the producer clutched at a formula: 'As it is in the Bible.' Ah! – in a flash Mayhew saw it all . . . helpless Jewish babe in the bullrushes, handsome young Moses confronting an ugly old Pharoah . . . Dr Nasir and Mr Mayhew should relax; Christianity is forever collapsing into its own private pockets of shame and embarrassment concerning its Jewish heritage. Moses was simply an early Christian.'

When Dr Nasir comes upon T. E. Lawrence, the reader can guess what is going to happen and it does. 'I meant to make a new nation, to restore a lost influence, to give 20 millions of Semites the foundations on which to build an inspired dream-palace of their national thoughts,' wrote the author of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. This is offensive, as was Lawrence's claim that he had 'raised and rolled' a new Arab wave 'before the breath of an idea'. But Dr Nasir diminishes himself rather than his target by quoting Lawrence's own tormented *mea culpa* and denunciation of British treachery. Dr Nasir is a propagandist here, pitilessly engaged in the paper war of quotations and counter-quotations which rages round Palestine.

Dr Nasir's book is in fact further proof that the Whig Interpretation of History – reading the past exclusively in the light of the historian's contemporary passions and projects – continues to flourish across the world. By this method our ancestors are neatly divided between those who had the decency to adopt our own values (the progressives), and those who, out of malevolence or insanity, attempted to arm-lock the clock hands of time, pathetically unaware that their own epoch was merely a prelude to our own. In my view, a historiography which learns to love the prejudices it studies is more attractive and more enlightening.

Russell Davies

Roman Fleuve

Lunar Caustic by MALCOLM LOWRY *Cape* £2.50

After his release from the Psychiatric Wing of Bellevue Hospital, New York, whence he had been committed in June 1935, Malcolm Lowry always maintained that the whole thing had been 'a deliberate pilgrimage' undertaken in hopes of rounding up material for a story. One can believe such a thing of George Orwell, who spent a wobbly evening in the East End getting himself arrested for drunkenness and then reported sanely on the condition of life in the cells; but if all Lowry required was incarceration in a mental hospital, he took a very long run-up to it. For most of the year, as Douglas Day reports in his biography, Lowry had been drinking savagely, restraining himself only to entertain (or placate) his mentor, Conrad Aiken. When summer arrived, and a phenomenal heatwave added itself to the neurotic Lowry's many self-imposed strains, he gave way, drank himself into a state beyond the powers of civilians to rectify, and was put away. The psychiatrist who is known to have treated him, however, claims to have no record of his case.

This is not surprising. Lowry was a hero-worshipper, and his fondness for adopting his heroes' names on behalf of his fictional characters was doubtless carried over into life. It would be as well to check the records for a Malcolm Beiderbecke, or Malcolm Venuti, or Malcolm Lang, for Bix, Joe and Eddie of those respective ilks were all jazz idols of Lowry's who appear regularly in his prose: he always got them in somehow. More likely still, he named himself after a ship – many of his heroes were ships, because they survived, and he upon them – for this is precisely what happens in *Lunar Caustic*, the story Lowry did finally cobble together out of his Bellevue experiences.

William Plantagenet – the nearest we get to the character's real name, which doesn't matter anyway – arrives at the hospital announcing himself as the *SS Lawhill*, a *bateau ivre* if ever there was one (scattered quotations from Rimbaud make the connection explicit). Under treatment, the alcoholic lacquer begins to peel off his mind, and each layer of retreating lunacy provides some new addition to English literature's Chamber of Horrors: 'On a bloodstained bed in a house whose face was blasted away a large scorpion was gravely raping a one-armed negress.'

Revived but manic, Plantagenet has some rather Laingian things to say about the treatment of his fellow-inmates (a crew Ken Kesey would have approved); but in his long interview with the psychiatrist Dr Claggart, he is allowed to rise to such a pitch of super-lucid burble that he can claim one of the patients 'is probably incapable of being fructified by such ubiquitous and generally accessible works as the Pentateuch, the Revelation of St John and the Song of Songs'. 'Have you ever wanted to be a writer?' asks the doctor, with a devastating dryness that rather threatens to explode the whole book: because it *is* all deeply false – and Lowry's 'pilgrimage' claim true – in the sense that having set out to write a story about himself as an impressive kind of failure, a madman, he has to admit half-way through that it is the story of his failure to become even that. 'He was only a drunk.' He was not 'mad with the full dignity of madness'. So it is a doubly downcast work, both physically degraded and, in effect, ashamed of its sanity. At its end, it casts the *SS Lawhill* adrift again on the inshore waters of society, and the old tub is soon taking on whisky at a great rate, and listing ominously.

The story was intended to be part of *The Voyage That Never Ends*, a seven-novel parallel to the *Divine Comedy*; but such was Lowry's mania for revision and expansion that one can't begin to imagine what part such a tortured fragment might have played in a design that never had a chance, in any case, of being completed. *Lunar Caustic* is best treated as the near-poem it often resembles, especially in the horribly impersonal opening chapter, where the human vessel founders at last. Pitching in at this level of desperation, and never quitting, the whole story has the frightened unity, too,

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of the poetry of dissolution; there are no novelistic choices to be made. In view of what these pages entitle us to assume about Lowry's mind, it is all the more amazing that he ever managed to assemble such a wonderfully big and open-minded drunkard's-novel as *Under the Volcano*.

Frank Blackaby

Hit the Ceiling

The Delusion of Incomes Policy by SAMUEL BRITTAN and PETER LILLEY *Temple Smith* £6.50 and £3.00

The argument of this book is straightforward and absolutist. All incomes policies – here and abroad – have been unsuccessful: 'The simplest lesson of all is that they have failed.' The cause of inflation – everywhere and always – is an expansion of the money supply. It follows that the proper way of dealing with it is to control the money supply: and no incomes policy can improve on the outcome so obtained. Further, incomes policies inevitably lead on to attempts to fix 'just rewards' for everyone. The search for the 'just reward' is vain, and any attempt to interfere with the value which the market puts on different jobs and occupations is damaging.

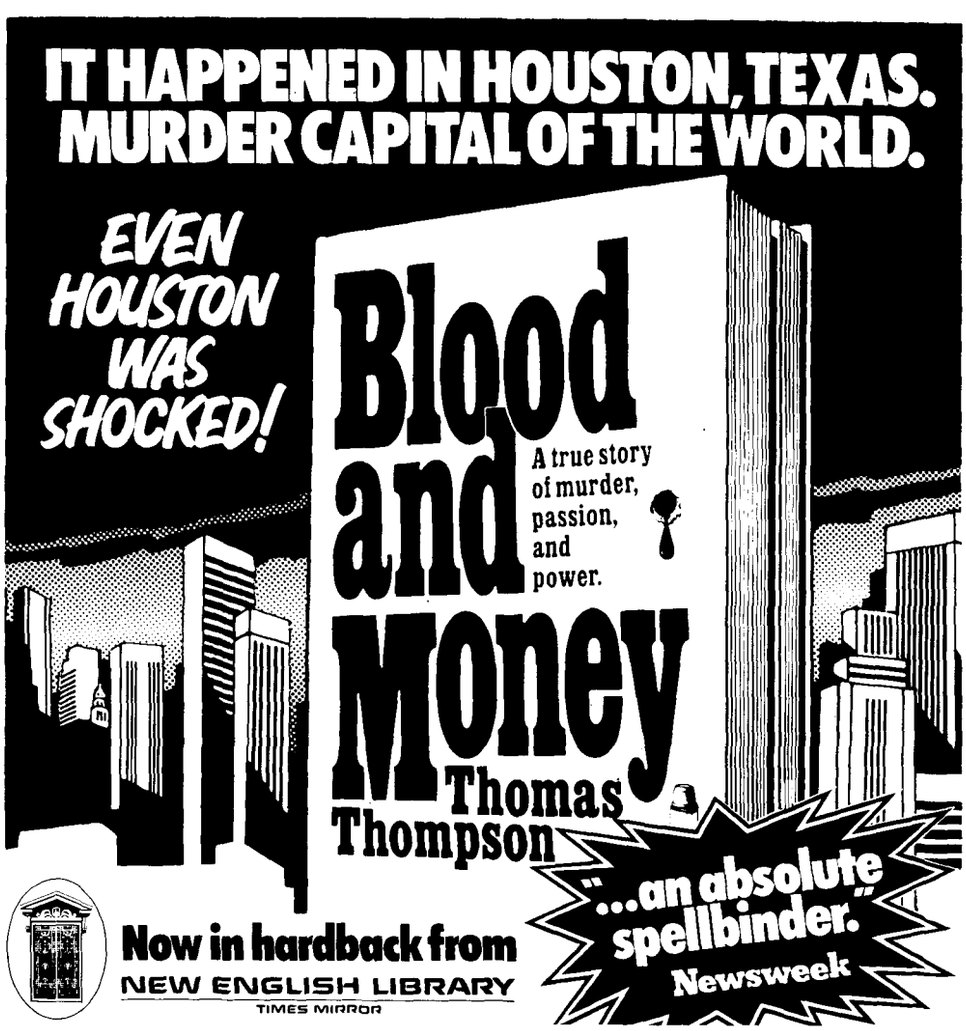
If this conclusion is right, it is not just the British government which is wasting its time. In virtually every Western industrial country except the United States (and that exception may not last long) governments either have statutory provisions of some sort (as in Canada or Denmark); or they have standing arrangements for discussing, and bargaining about, the size of wage awards with the trade unions (as in Norway, Austria or Germany); or – as in France and Italy – they are looking for some social contract of this kind. In its account of what is happening to incomes policies now, this book is rather impoverished; there are historical accounts of past practices in the Netherlands, Sweden and the United States, but rather little about the present.

Nor is the book very clear in its definition of incomes policy, which surely should include any kind of government intervention in the process of free collective bargaining. It does include some voluntary policies as well as statutory ones; but it puts West Germany firmly in the 'no incomes policy' category. This is convenient for the authors' conclusions, but is really rather curious. No one can discuss the German economic situation with a German economist without hearing a good deal about their *'Einkommenspolitik'*, and how since 1967 it has been central to their whole idea of *'Konzertierte Aktion'*; the size of the wage round is discussed regularly, and quantitatively, in meetings of the employers' associations, trade unions, the Government, the Council of Experts and the Bundesbank. The omission is the more curious, because it is this form of incomes policy which is so much the model for what is going on elsewhere. Admittedly in Germany the whole process is helped because there really are monopoly unions – that is, just a handful of unions. What we need in the union field is, not less monopoly, but more.

Messrs Brittan and Lilley would have none of this talking to unions: it leads them to get exaggerated ideas about their power and importance. Their alternative policy would be to fix a money supply target, and leave it at that. Let us suppose for a moment that this policy were adopted, instead of a Stage III. This is not wholly fanciful: by-election losses, a motion of no confidence, a general election, a Conservative victory, and Sir Keith as Chancellor in place of Sir Geoffrey. What would happen?

The answer to be drawn from this book is not very clear. The authors concede that – given the fluctuations in the velocity of monetary circulation – the control of the money supply is not a very precise instrument; and they also recognise that it is not prices but total money expenditure which, in the long run, is controlled; the division of any change in money expenditure between output and price is, as Friedman put it, 'unfinished business'. They are ambivalent about whether under such a regime trade union bargaining makes much difference. In one place they suggest that it would simply serve to raise the earnings of trade unionists relatively to those of non-unionists; but elsewhere they do seem to accept that trade union bargaining might cause some additional unemployment. This ambivalence is understandable. On the one hand, to suggest that trade union bargaining has nothing to do with the matter at all has a certain flat-earth character about it. On the other hand, if once it is conceded that trade union bargaining does make a difference, that blows a huge hole in their castle wall.

For what in fact would happen? There would not be a smooth process, by which trade unions quickly adapted their demands to fit the monetary ceiling. This might be just conceivable, though certainly not probable, if the trade unions negotiated all at once as one body; but they do not. With free collective bargaining, each individual negotiator goes out for what he can get; he does not concern himself with the macro-economic consequences of what would happen if every other negotiator did the same. He does not say, 'But if the others do this too, there will be unemployment': that is not in his brief. In any case, unemployment is not much of a deterrent to unions in bargaining: that is the simple and straightforward explanation of the simultaneous rise of the money earnings increase and unemployment in recent years. After all, why should it be? Unemployment falls heavily on school-leavers and the marginals in the labour force who are probably not paid-up union members anyway. So, with a money supply target and nothing else, we could expect a formidable mixture of strikes, inflation and unemployment on a scale not yet seen. The monetary prescription is a prescription for an all-wise world of all-wise men, negotiating in full knowledge of the working of the economic system to get the best possible long term-rise in the real standard of living for all citizens to-


IT HAPPENED IN HOUSTON, TEXAS.
MURDER CAPITAL OF THE WORLD.
EVEN HOUSTON WAS SHOCKED!
Blood and Money
A true story of murder, passion, and power.
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"...an absolute spellbinder." Newsweek
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gether. If that were the kind of world we lived in, there would be no problem of inflation to start with.

The monetarist position was well put recently in an Australian seminar, when a man from the Reserve Bank was expounding the doctrine of the control of the money supply. When he was asked how this would change the behaviour of the miners in the North-West territories, he answered: 'They can read: they'll change when they read about M3.' Who was deluded then?

Bernard Crick

Behavio(u)ral

The Party's Choice by WILLIAM R. KEECH and DONALD R. MATTHEWS *Blackwell* £7.35 and £2.95
The Party Image and Electoral Behavior by RICHARD J. TRILLING *John Wiley* £11.00
The Politics of Exclusion by MICHAEL N. DANIELSON *Columbia* £12.40 and £5.15

I had thought that those who believe that politics can be studied scientifically had taken some pretty hard knocks in the US recently. The 'science of politics' school has been increasingly criticised for having a crude and positivistic view of science, for trivialising the study of politics, for failing to develop any critical standards for debating values and purposes, and for corrupting even the practice of politics with the message that ideas and policies don't count, unless they mirror opinions already expressed in terms discoverable and measurable by surveys and opinion polls. And Vietnam and the campuses. So much of the social sciences suddenly appeared to students as not merely intellectually trivial but actually compliant and corrupt. It was one thing to make political stability the core concept of study, another to advocate it; and still worse to force it on others who only through instability might ever experience some kind of freedom, find some kind of reform. It is therefore very depressing to see that the old game continues: the students and the radicals have gone away, and the same nonsense, unreformed, uninstructed and unrepentant, pops up again in plethora.

The Party's Choice is the seventh in the Brookings Institute Studies in presidential selection. The authors examine how presidents come to be nominated, describing the working of the primary and convention systems. They offer a series of uncritical and statistical descriptions of the preliminary campaigns but absolutely nothing on policy. What should the office be doing? Silence. 'Your remark is scientifically irrelevant,' replies their computer. Perhaps this is positivism recovering its religious voice? Or perhaps it is Pietism: every fact in America is sacred and must be sung to or coded to the glory of Newton's god.

I am being a little unfair: there is a tiny, last-minute nibble at discussion of reform, especially of the nominating process. Would it not be better, suggest Keech and Matthews, to have a national presidential primary – that is, all of them on one day, rather than the present long-drawn-out agony? The authors inconsistently remark that (a) there are some things that are wrong, and (b) that reform might make things worse. I should add that the book is sponsored by the famous Brookings Institute which exists to promote 'non-partisan research . . . to aid in the development of sound public policies'. 'Non-partisan' indeed! Ralf Dahrendorf wants to found one here as LSE's Marshal Aid to England. God forbid.

Richard Trilling's study of party images is also good reactionary stuff posing as *l'art pour l'art*. His first sentence pours lead into the veins:

> Students of American voting behavior have long sought to expand the set of conceptual tools and analytic skills available for them for the study of individual electoral behavior.

While his fourth shows a flicker of pained realism: 'The typically low levels of political involvement . . . of the 1950s gave way to the intense and emotional demonstrations of the 1960s.' But, because they're 'emotional', he ignores them, or reduces them to numbers in his surveys of what people *en masse* think the image of the party is. The ghosts of Swift and Orwell must have guided his hand when he typed the enjargoned banality of his conclusions:

> The concept of party image bridges the theories of the dependent voter and the responsive voter. As a relatively long-standing attitudinal component of the vote, party image reveals the voter to be somewhat *dependent* on habitual social and psychological phenomena. As somewhat responsive to short-term issues, party image also reveals the voter to be *responsive* to those same issues.

'Somewhat'! The academy of Laputa shall forthwith debate whether that passage is tautology or truism. The question is not an easy one.

The Politics of Exclusion is closer to politics. It is a huge empirical study of how local zoning laws are used to exclude subsidised housing, particularly the movement of blacks and recent immigrants into the suburbs. It is an honest if somewhat simple-minded book. Simple-minded because it ends on the dilemma as to how this grimly effective exercise of local rights, so much a part of American democracy, can be allowed to frustrate basic rights for individuals and 'the fundamental tenets of an open society'. The answer is fairly obvious. Behaviourally, people discriminate because they want to, and that's what American local democracy is like. The idea of 'basic rights', of 'open society', has yet to be established; it is not primal, natural or imminent in America (or anywhere else, to be fair). And one must consider why. That is what the real game is all about, but not this one.

Susannah Clapp

Wry Bother

Beyond the Bedroom Wall by LARRY WOIWODE *Faber* with *Farrar, Straus & Giroux* £6.95
I Would Have Saved Them if I Could by LEONARD MICHAELS *Faber* with *Farrar, Straus & Giroux* £4.50
The Camelot Club by BRIAN KILLICK *Hamish Hamilton* £3.95
Noonday and Night by GLADYS MITCHELL *Michael Joseph* £3.75

Larry Woiwode has written a fat, comfortable book which celebrates not so much family life as a sense of family. *Beyond the Bedroom Wall* is elegantly written, carefully patterned, and has something of the charm of a pioneer's patchwork quilt. It is whole-

John Fuller

To David Hockney on the Cover of a Certain Magazine

> 'When Van Gogh cost $10, Messonnier cost half a million; when Van Gogh cost half a million, Messonnier cost £1,000. If art's really good, of course it should cost some money.' 'I haven't had a proper show since 1970.'
> David Hockney, *New Review* Jan/Feb 1977

The wounded painter faces an enigma
And turns a landscape into frightened pigment.
His senses stumble at the labour, stigma
Of the aching spirit, imagination's figment.

And is this worth a million? Or a half?
His images were greeted with derision.
You show *your* secrets and the public laugh.
What torment can be worthy of the vision?

What vision worth such an improper show?
Van Gogh used colours you can almost hear
And then a razor. What we want to know
Is, if we'd pay you, why stop at your ear?

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some and not without some humour.

Five generations of the Neumillers – an immigrant Catholic family settled in North Dakota and Illinois – are presented in a series of snapshots: the burial of the original immigrant (his coffin made by his son, his grave dug on his own farm); the heady courtship of his grandson – breathlessly described by his future wife, alongside her observations on snowdrifts and strawberry shortcake; the disorderly youth of her sons, killing cats in barns and pulling down their sisters' knickers in the backs of cars; their country-haunted maturity in the city with their own children.

The pictures are, sensibly, unlinked by a controlling narrative (though an editorial note occasionally obtrudes) and are taken over by different voices, which provide hallowing and harrowing in equal quantities. A young girl embroiders linen for her handmade 'hope chest'; her adolescent brother drowns on a school outing; the treeless plains are cursed by a drunken and grizzled baseball player. There is poverty, fever, sacred visions and flooding, but few niggles and little deviousness: kids swim in tears and guilt but don't whine over Weetabix; fathers beat their children and their own breasts, but stay around to do so. The remembered domestic moments are sanctified, sometimes explicitly and clumsily ('these simple acts were given dignity and significance by her maternal hand'); but generally and more effectively by concentrating on the emotions they produced. The feel of things – as distinct from people's feelings about them – is one of Woiwode's strongest points: he swoops strikingly into descriptions of states in which people see the inside of their heads as odd artefacts belonging to the outside world (a man presses his eyes and sees 'glistening trailways, as though his vessels were of neon'). But it is what people make of their sensations (what they think) that individualises them. The snugness at the centre of this book, which deals on the whole with unsnug incidents, comes from the fact that its characters live by the touchstones created by a shared past: touchstones, unlike maxims, are indisputable and irretrievable.

Leisureliness and elegance do not feature largely in Leonard Michaels's jumpy squibs about New York Jewishness. *I Would Have Saved Them if I Could* takes in some rather leaden ponderings on large human questions – Borges and Byron and the New Testament and pogroms are tenuously linked via a certain amount of talk about 'destructive generation' and 'intensified absence' – but concentrates mainly on 'small personal misery and fantastic sex'. A grisly, though gleefully received, grope occurs on the subway; comprehensive leching takes place at a dinner party; a contributor to both these ncidents manages to pee through the window while his ex-girl friend is entertaining her fiancé, and subsequently to tumble ıer, ultra-excitingly, into bed.

Pungency is chased, by means of jerky ittle sentences and brief, headed paragraphs - as if each thought (or piece of felicitous ›hrasing) would be contaminated by expanion. But the contradictions and upturnings ›f expectation in which Mr Michaels deals – ›eculiar triumphs, surprise juxtapositions – apidly achieve a predictability of their own; he wryness becomes a rictus – so eager to deflate and always be first that it assumes attitudes on the reader's part with insufficient evidence, and deflates before it establishes. 'She didn't like me. So I phoned her every day,' declares one narrator: it's not the perversity that's disagreeable, but the wish to be congratulated for administering a slap.

Laments for a vanished old England can be self-defeating, falling most often from the lips of those who by their existence demonstrate its continuing if feeble grip. Brian Killick's skittish look at the plight of one such self-elected elite – the clubbees of his title – is in no danger of resurrecting the world which causes him to become twinkly-eyed: his characters are safely preposterous; his tone is of consistently gentle, good-humoured japing. *The Camelot Club* nods somewhat cursorily at a familiar world – an MP suffering from financial difficulties disappears, leaving his clothes folded on a beach; an oil-rich Sheikh visits Britain to be wooed by the government (and kidnapped by the Camelot); a lot of grumbling about long hair and layabouts takes place over champagne cocktails. More attention is given to the pranks and wistful aspirations of its faded but mostly jolly cast, and both plot and prose have their moments.

Gladys Mitchell's *Noonday and Night* displays something of the same bewilderment when confronted with 20th-century England – numbering among its cast a 'clever Jewess', a 'wily Italian' and a 'depraved ninny'. The plot – a tale of missing (murdered) coach-drivers – allows for some mild despair about the current state of the country, where afternoon teas are considered an unnecessary expenditure, people no longer save up for a rainy day and 'the sacred cow of Equality of Opportunity' forces kindly schoolmasters into premature retirement. Dame Beatrice Lestrange Bradley, psychiatrist and detective, picks her way through it all with typical decorum and antique phrasing. She 'ventures' and 'mistakes not', and is quick to identify the work of a Huguenot gunmaker at the scene of a murder ('note the delicate scroll-work on these pistols'). Cosily incredible, it is difficult to imagine another contemporary heroine who could manage 'an eldritch screech' with conviction.

Philip Hope-Wallace

T. C. Worsley, 1907-77

'Too peculiar; awful chap,' said some, perplexed by his exasperated, smiling rejection of mediocre and stupid opinions. 'Silly old Lefties,' I heard him say once to craven and appreciative BBC producers, 'you've spoilt it all' – though exactly what 'all' was I don't remember: something to do with trendiness, phoneyness and the Arts Council, I suspect. Then, a cadaverous chuckle: 'What does it matter? We'll all be dead in a month or so.' A miscalculation: he lasted ten years at least, before emphysema got him gasping and, even then, he put up with it, loudly complaining, but brave to the last.

He was a marvellous cricketer and good at cards, which is always said to mean unlucky in love (that may have been true here at some points). Above all, even in the prime job of literary editor (of the NEW STATESMAN), he was a superb critic and, with my own arrogance, I don't think you can tell or select a good critic if you are not a critic yourself, subject to the same tasks. He was a good book reviewer too (see last week's *TLS* on Maugham) besides his theatre work (one brother married Beryl Reid and produced ITMA). Time and again he wrote the best review of a new stage play.

I had huge admiration for him and wish I had seen more of him. But one couldn't always be going down to Brighton. He was footloose, perpetually changing addresses. Only Enid Bagnold and B. A. Young ever seemed to know exactly where he was. But people cherished him, lent him flats. One famous poet on his first honeymoon lent him his bride's. Our hero went and picked up a young thief in Leicester Square who pinched all the wedding presents. 'What a life, ha-ha!' he laughed his gaunt small-skulled laugh once again. Restless with the inexhaustible strength of the hysterical neurotic – he was for years on end in 'deep' analysis – he could still stand, for some of us, as a tower of strength; implacable, steady, full of guts. A good teacher, as some who knew him (a junior house master at Wellington, for instance), swore: he had drive and wit, threw a tome at the head of Kurt Hahn at Gordonstoun and hit him – good shot! He lasted. He was nearly 70, amused and amusing even in mixed company, but better with homos than the ladies (he married briefly a gifted painter lady who did flower pieces and, like Colonel Vershinin's wife in *The Three Sisters*, sometimes threatened suicide). Then there were the devoted or faithless male friends, savaged or cajoled but strongly dependent on this tough old bird.

Was the trouble his father, a church dignitary from Wales (Llandaff I think), sly, adulterous and rather insensitive, if you can believe his offspring? Cuthbert once told me in a restaurant, with eyes which shone like bath-salts, of a dreadful episode in his teenage years. The day on which we spoke had seen a terrible story of a rich girl drowned in a boating accident; she had clung on all night but not long enough. 'It should happen to *you*,' said Cuthbert, a name he didn't like, though he couldn't escape it (1914 pacifist overtone, I suppose). 'My father said, "You mustn't use the boat while we are at church because your little brother cannot swim like you".' So the moment the front door shut behind them T.C.W. and kid brother raced to the boat house, sailed out and capsized within a mile of shore. It became a case of two drowning or one surviving and possibly getting help in time – too late, as it turned out. Cuthbert had to tell his father, who said two words: 'You fool.' But in the end how wrong he was.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

Just for Us

Privates on Parade *Aldwych*
Devil's Island *Royal Court*

There's a photo of the stripling Peter Nichols in the RSC programme, his studious efforts to look smooth, polished and urbane undone by the cigarette self-consciously poised between first and second fingers, an emblem of manhood he hasn't yet learned to take for granted; and beside this inexpert lounge-lizard, this baby-faced Coward, is the disorderly countenance that amiably perches on the Nichols shoulders today. In *Forget-me-not-Lane* the one spent an evening back at the other's small world, and in *Privates on Parade* it does so again, only this time spiriting us from puberty in Bristol to national service in Malaya. That's where Nichols sang and danced for CSE, which meant Combined Services Entertainment or, if he himself is to be believed, Chaos Succeeds Ensa. The play is not, of course, to be taken as a literal record of his experiences in this implausible outfit. I don't suppose he actually heard a high-camp captain squawk 'you dare speak to an officer like that and I'll scream the place down', or saw, if that's the word, a conjurer forced by a lighting blackout to explain to rows of uncomprehending Ghurkas that 'at this moment I'm producing coloured handkerchiefs from the apparently empty cylinder'. All the same, the play has a chummy, anecdotal feel, as if we were with Mr Nichols on the family sofa, and he was browsing through his scrapbook and chortling over half-remembered faces, just for us.

It is fun and funny, at any rate at the time. Not until the cold wind outside the Aldwych began to sneak up my trouser-legs did I emerge from a cosy, uncritical cocoon and ask myself some professional questions. What about the queen-bee of the company someone nicely dubs the Queen's Own, the flaunting captain with the scarlet knickers and the line in imitations of Dietrich, Miranda and Lynn? Gay-libbers would undoubtedly think him an outrageous stereotype, and it is an accusation not altogether answered by Denis Ouilley's endearing and, on the whole, dignified playing of the part. Certainly, I myself wearied of the double-entendres persistently thrust between his/her painted lips. There seemed too much 'I'll have you on the carpet' and 'you'll be hearing from my Member', just too many knowing ripostes when co-performers promised to 'handle the business end' or said they didn't 'expect to hold down big parts'. But, to be fair, what mainly amuses Nichols isn't homosexuality in itself, rather the incongruity of putting soldiers into drag and drag-artists into mufti, the topsyturvydom of requisitions that read 'brassiere, sequinned, inflatable, sergeants, for the use of'. And I myself don't propose to feel guilty for laughing when Nigel Hawthorne's blimpish major blurted out the order, 'no perfume on guard duty', or when Tim Wylton's plump, plucked Yorkshireman, told he's enrolled for a refresher course in unarmed combat, promptly crumples into a ladylike faint.

If Nichols had been content to leave it at that, a happy-go-lucky sprawl of vaudeville songs, comic encounters and general nostalgia, I could now simply sign off with a guarded recommendation and a tribute to Michael Blakemore's direction, which seems equally in control of the spurs and the reins. But he isn't. As a playwright of standing, he feels he must discipline and deepen his scattered subject-matter, and that's precisely where his problems begin. In the first place, he has never been good at concocting plots, and certainly doesn't prove skilful with the building-blocks here. Witness his corrupt and paranoid sergeant-major, who flogs British arms to native insurgents, then fakes his own death, then reappears with a sten to shoot up one of the concert-party's performances, and is finally seen slinking on to the troop-ship that will ferry the survivors back to blighty. It is a desultory, disconnected business, and Nichols gives only occasional signs of knowing who the character is, or what he's to do with him. Nor is he much more satisfactory when he comes to the scenes supposed to give the play its 'human interest', those involving one Stephen Flowers, a callow recruit not unlike the pristine Nichols in the programme, and the Eurasian girl he falls for, impregnates, prepares to reject and then – suddenly, improbably and offstage – marries.

Students of *Forget-me-not-Lane* and *The National Health* will recall Nichols's wry interest in the erosion of innocence, disillusion, the splotches that pockmark the best-laid plans of the social biologist; and anyone ambitious to complete a thesis on these pet themes will certainly have to take into account *Privates on Parade*. The company major sees the British army in Malaya as part of a Christian crusade against communist atheism, when it's self-evidently no more than a colonial leftover, doomed soon to desert the plantations it incompetently guards. Young Flowers arrives in Singapore all shining and optimistic, looking forward to becoming a teacher in civvy-street and touchingly convinced that universal education will speed in the socialist utopia, a dogma that experience then forces him to recant. But we can scarcely give much credit to that 'experience' when it consists of one grand-guignol RSM and one cutely-conceived Welsh-Indian girl, maundering on about the Britain she's yet to visit and supposes to be a half-timbered amalgam of Harrods, Lyons Corner House and the Mumbles. Neither persuasive theme nor plausible plots can safely rest on foundations so groggy. They certainly can't do so when an author is prepared to make grogginess even groggier, for the sake of a comfy ending.

The play falters whenever it aims more than a centimetre beneath the skin. Mr Quilley's briefly-remembered love for a drowned matelot isn't likely to skewer your heart. Nor is Mr Hawthorne's confession that he always wanted a son, nor Mr Wylton's motherly affection for the vile-mouthed sergeant played, with gangling bonhomie, by Joe Melia. The characters remain caricatures; but at least they are animated, amusing caricatures. What you'll remember is Mr Quilley, who likes to call his king Georgina VI and his god Jessica Christ, burbling on about 'that Bernadette Shaw, what a chatterbox, never even lost her maidenhead till she was 58'. Or Mr Melia warning a funeral-party not to 'act like cunts in the House of the Lord', or Mr Hawthorne earnestly thinking himself into the minds of subordinates whose daily conversation he supposes to consist of 'law love a duck' and 'gawd bless my soul', or Simon Jones's suburban nitwit, his strangulated argot running to 'wizard scrounge', 'bang-on wheeze' and regular promises to give his enemies 'a bunch of fives'. It's like being at a raucous stag-night with a host who intermittently embarrasses you with solemn and maudlin sentiments, but is mostly content to be just what you hoped, the life and soul of the party.

Brief treatment for Tony Bicat, who is to be added to the formidable list of playwrights who regard themselves as chronicling the last days of British civilisation: Brenton, Barker, Poliakoff, John Spurling and David Hare, who actually directs *Devil's Island*. But the play would be more persuasive if cause-and-effect linked its three phases, disillusioned 1930s, corrupt 1970s catastrophic 1990s. The end of the century may indeed see us reduced to zonked-ou savages, squatting in concrete car-parks anc munching dog-flesh; but I would prefer a fuller, less impressionistic explanation o how we shall get there.

Radio

Eric Korn

Job Satisfaction

If television be the Ancient Mariner, gli tering eye and all, radio is a blind barc articulating without histrionic tricks th undecorated word. Ancient and unassumin in its corner, but not part of the patter of the wallpaper. For one thing, wallpape surrounds you, and radio doesn't: bi they're working on that, and Radio recently offered a sample of binaural stere the BBC's version of sensurround. Stra

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yourself in a pair of headphones, shut your eyes and you might well be aboard *Oil Rig*, a marvel most of us would give our cochleas to escape. The sound was manifold, spacious, astonishingly localised: a great clanking cave with here an oiled voice talking about the special qualifications and temperament needed to work on a drilling platform, behind him unoiled chains, and over yonder a mutter of 'Where's the fucking spanner?' Intermittently over all, the voice of a mad quartermaster, reciting an endless multinational breakfast menu: 'porridge, spaghetti, bacon, mushrooms, tomatoes, scrambled eggs, fried eggs, boiled eggs.' I foresee a series; foundries, fishmarkets, coal mines, massage parlours. But ('poached eggs, coddled eggs') radio is for evocation, not illusion. Unaided ('kippers, kedgeree') it can bring us the Word of the Lord.

Which has been much in evidence. There were two marvellously contrasted versions of the Book of Job on Radio 3. The Authorised Version was produced by Ian Cotterell, arranged by Pamela Gravett, with Paul Scofield as Job; uncluttered, confident and superb, it enslaved one's ears and staggered the reason, despite the misapprehension in the subtitle: 'a philosophical drama'. There is no more philosophy than in *Look Back in Anger* or *Inadmissible Evidence*; instead, alternating set-piece rants of magnificent poetry and scant logic. Radio chains one to the word as no other medium can; pictures, actors, distract, and on the printed page even the most devout eye may skitter across the denser phrases, and the deeply shocking nature of God's behaviour often escapes just censure. Job reaches his highest dignity when most abject, his plea for justice – or at least an explanation – becoming a demand. God stamps on the insubordination with a breathtaking bravura piece on the anatomy and physiology of the whale. Well, that 'ad 'im, 'e couldn't answer that, as Bernard Miles's Hertfordshire hind used to say.

I've never been more convinced that the Bible was written to Divine dictation: any man would have given himself the last word. This is what Archibald MacLeish tried to do, giving up the intellectual rigour on the way, in *JB*, a satisfactory production from American Educational Radio without that folksiness for which the stage version was condemned. The overworked fairground metaphor was less obtrusive on the ear. The conflict between Mr and Mrs J. B. (divine justice versus divine grace) provided something for reason to bite on, but still it fudged that inescapable divine sleight-of-hand.

There were plenty of people ready to lay down the word of God in Edgar Lustgarten's rather unsprightly retelling of *The Trial Of Annie Besant* (Radio 4), with Sarah Badel defiant but harried for publishing a book described with legal relish and slovenliness as 'indecent, obscene, lewd, filthy and bawdy' and trying to bring infant mortality below 25 per cent. A newer viewpoint on Victorian sexuality came from Fraser Harrison (*The Victorian Venus*, Radio 3) who saw Frederick Leighton's mythological paintings as an anxious male counterattack to early demands for suffrage and autonomy in the home. Hence a subservient regiment of chained Andromedas and vulnerable Psyches, the very brushwork stressing punishable flesh and ignoring the reproductive function. The progress of emancipation in a hundred years is lamentably measured by *The Better Half* (Monday, Radio 4). Women must not be strident, domineering or pushing, explained Barbara Cartland in strident, domineering tones. Jean Rook thought that other things being equal, it was easier to manage if you were rich. Even Elaine Morgan found it difficult to give sensible answers to buffoon questions. She thought that some of the differences between men and women were 'ingrained'. Innate or taught, asked Irene Thomas from the chair. 'Seventy per cent conditioned and 30 per cent inborn', she replied, crisply. Mondays are poorer for the loss of *Do or Die*, a gripping feature in which teams of unqualified people tried to cope with frightful dilemmas. Postmen were best at swinging across mountain torrents in Ethiopia, but the milkmen were more tactful at what to do when you have nailed an old person's budgerigar under the carpet. ('Explain that you always have to leave the window open for a few days with a new carpet.') Bring it back, please.

Films

John Coleman

On Edge

Inserts *Prince Charles*
Nickelodeon *ABC, Shaftesbury Avenue*
Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins *Warner West End 4*

When it comes to adjudication this week, that old spun coin could as well land up on its edge. Even the promoters of *Inserts*, for instance, kicking its heels (time wounds all heels?) since 1975, sound a mite unsure of what they are offering. 'A degenerate film, with dignity', as the publicity bellows *pianissimo*, turns out to have its truly saving claws. They belong to Cathy Cake, played to the navel and beyond by Jessica Harper, movie-mad girl friend of a 1930 Hollywood producer of stag-flicks. That the ex-genius or Boy Wonder who is reduced to directing her when his Harlene (Veronica Cartwright) dies of an overdose of drugs, is done to a turn – or something larger – may be a stroke of luck, but it is the actor Richard Dreyfuss who is there to back in to someone's fortunate guess: he is just about as good as a fellow can be, given a role which exacts an unshaven phiz, a way with a bottle, a fallen phallus, the capacity to tell an anecdote about Griffith, Gish and poor Wallace Reid without making one leave the auditorium, and a helluva light touch on the ivories. Mr Dreyfuss is even asked to sing a song to that probed and proven manhood of his, opening and closing the affair. John Byrum, who wrote and directed this olio, is tremendous: tremendously good and tremendously bad. The effect is more than a little as if Neil Simon had shacked up with Paul Morrissey – sharp words, very funny words that naggingly echo one's comments on the film-in-the-making, uttered in a style that owes something to ineptitude, something to visual calculation – and the whole substantially less than its parts.

Which are – by and large – excellently performed by the men and women cast for them. An overhead shot can go for amazingly little, since it summons attention to itself, but it has a hum as it stares down at a skinny, sexy, powdery body – apparently an object in a sex-movie within a sex-movie – and then is translated into a close up of the face of a wily lady saying one of the unmentionables. The script depends a deal on the distaff side four-lettering us out of business. It also – I found charmingly – knows when to keep quiet: there is a bedding like a wedding, the first celebration of sex on screen that registered as more than a dirtily discreet camera Eavesdropping for the old Adam.

The flipped coin was clearly loaded. Peter Bogdanovich lands face down in *Nickelodeon*, another of his damnable excursions into the pasteboard jungle of one kind of film. This chap – buff, critic, maker – has been precocious for too long. Mean and ordinary to say that when he has also afforded me so much pleasure. Again Hollywood, his garbled hash of it, is the subject: he begins with the early days when a hard path was being beaten from the American megalopolis to the sunlit, unspoilt landscape of the west. He speedily contaminates it, taking his tale from 1910 on, with a gaggle of gigglers; he seems to have an unlimited fascination with people falling over, an uncontrollable relish for the running gag. This excuse for going on going-on cinematically engages Burt Reynolds (increasingly behaving like Debbie), father and daughter O'Neal, Stella Stevens and several stuntmen. There is a handsome extra in the brown-grey-white, oysterish colour photography of Laszlo Kovacs; there are great bits – a swiftly-edited pratfall from a myopic beauty (Jane Hitchcock), some amiable rubbish about an ostrich-farm. But wait – I said 'great' and how much does my enjoyment rely on an auto-pat-on-the back for half-remembering that a *real* director (John Ford) may have been the original wrencher? How much homage is due? Mr B. is very far from finished; but I wish he would stop tipping his hat to memory.

A possible sleeper is the abominably titled *Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins*: we can all dance in the sun but how butch can you get? One is in the presence of a quite decent Altmanesque artefact which sensibly uses the noble, nodding, withdrawn Alan Arkin as a zero with a beat-up car whom scriptwriter John Kaye involves with a pair of delinquent females (Sally Kellerman, Mackenzie Phillips) on another of those cross-continent incontinent safaris, which tell one more about motels, late-night neon, local mafias, folk-music and the pain of being aware to all this going-to-the-movies sleaziness than one needs. Miss Phillips, a genuinely acne'd teenager caught in the wry, was a find. Where is she now? One cares more about her fate than the one the film accords her.

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Opera

John Morgan

Villainy

Otello *Covent Garden*
Katya Kabanova *Coliseum*

Tragic masterpieces such as these two works can bring tears to the coldest eye even when not immaculately played and especially when both eyes are closed at the unbearably sad climaxes. How much more so when, as in these productions, neither conductors nor orchestras could be improved upon (although the singers could). We owe a too-seldom-acknowledged debt to Charles Mackerras for establishing Janacek's *Katya* in the British repertory, for patiently demonstrating that this is no mere folk melodrama but a genuinely tragic work. At the Coliseum he is helped by Norman Tucker's quite brilliant English translation and a most sympathetic production by John Blatchley. *Otello* should be a simpler matter: in my view, no better opera has been written since its first performance 90 years ago. As it happens, Zubin Mehta's debut here raises a rather difficult question.

Mr Mehta began at a furious pace, as if to show Toscanini's ghost a clean pair of heels, but then calmed down and drew from the orchestra a performance as sensitive as earlier it had been galvanic. Oddly enough, though, as the evening developed, the drama unfolded as a duet between the orchestra and the tenor Jon Vickers. Mr Vickers was in wonderful voice, than which there is none finer. Was it, then, the fault of an equally fine singer, the baritone Peter Glossop, that his Iago should be so overshadowed by Mr Vickers's Otello? Although I can see that by suggesting otherwise I will be arraigned – if not at the bar of history, at least at the Crush Bar at the Garden – it strikes me the fault is not in the baritone but in the composer. Did Verdi make a mistake here in following his usual style and making the villain a baritone, his flawed hero a tenor?

In all other ways the opera is perfect. Boito's libretto is, unlike most, flawless: only da Ponte can compare. The music is Verdi's greatest achievement. The trouble is that Iago does not look like a villain of the kind we expect. Verdi did agree with Boito that Iago should be 'dressed in black to reflect the blackness of his soul': at Covent Garden Mr Glossop is martially and colourful attired. But Verdi then continued, according to Carlo Gatti's account:

> As for Iago . . . you would have him of small stature and crafty appearance . . . But I would make him tall and thin . . . nonchalant and superficial . . . A small crafty figure would be too obvious.

Was the Maestro wrong, as I think, or were there no small crafty baritones around at the time, as there are few nowadays?

And if Verdi did make a mistake, does it lie in his deliberately eschewing the 'obvious' in, for once, neglecting that principle of simplicity which informs his masterpieces and which Boito's *Otello*, as does his *Falstaff*, so elegantly exemplifies? This is, I know, a vexed point. Once I had the good luck to discuss the matter with W. H. Auden and, with all the effrontery of the hit-and-run interviewer, propose to him that his libretto for Henze's *The Bassarids* (coming shortly to the Coliseum) was verse of too high a quality for operas, that he was too great a poet to allow action to flow and for character to be coarsely enough delineated. He disagreed. Whichever view one takes, what is beyond argument is the quality of the playing presently at our two leading opera houses, not to mention the degree of proper uproar they arouse: Mr Mehta was greeted as if he were a musical Napoleon – a figure he does rather resemble.

Art

John Spurling

For the Record

Claude Lorrain and the Liber Veritatis
British Museum

As modern artists keep slides of the work that leaves their studios, so Claude Lorrain compiled the *Liber Veritatis*, a visual record chiefly in pen, brown wash and white heightening of 195 of his most important paintings. He started it in 1635 or 6 to counter, according to his biographer Baldinucci, the growing trade in imitations which 'certain envious men, eager for dishonest gains' were selling to collectors. But considering the pains it must have cost him and the care with which it was assembled, in chronological order, with the patron and city of destination neatly inscribed on the back of each drawing, bound in alternating groups of white and blue paper, he must have been sustained by the same obsessive pleasure in organisation which characterises all his finished work. The *Liber* would also have formed a useful pattern-book of successful motifs for future recycling.

The *Liber Veritatis* was in the collection of the Second Duke of Devonshire in 1728 and was rebound about that time in red morocco. It passed to the British Museum in 1957 and its contents have now been removed from the binding and put on public display for the first time, together with related preparatory drawings for the same paintings and a small selection of Claude's independent studies drawn directly from nature.

It is easy to share Roger Fry's preference for these studies. He noted in them 'a susceptibility to natural charm which, in its width of range and freedom from the traditional limitations of the art of landscape, is most remarkable'. Here, unhampered by the sobering demands of a large and complex composition, Claude seems free to indulge his immediate delight in the eddies of a waterfall, the dark criss-crossing stripes of a clump of trees against a brightly lit meadow, the double-toned reflections of low bushes growing by a river. But it is not necessarily a question of immediacy. Many of the drawings for details of the paintings, which would have been done in the studio, have an almost equal sense of freedom. It is when one of these details – say a mounted hunting-party under some trees – is carefully balanced against another – say peasants and cows under more trees – at either side of the finished record of a painting, that the original freshness of imagination and observation gives way to a rather wearisome orderliness.

This is not true of the paintings themselves, where Claude's compositional methods serve a poetic, idealised vision of the world as a pastoral paradise. The sense of ordered calm in the paintings, the emotional transfer of Claude's vision to the spectator is brought about not simply by his famous proscenium device – palaces balanced by masts or other palaces in an embarkation scene, trees by hillsides or more trees in a classical or biblical landscape – across the front of the picture, but by balance in depth. The partially lit foreground containing the figures is weighed against the layered brightnesses of the distant background, a shining river, darker toned towns, bridges, spits of land, hill diminishing into atmosphere, sky. And a this whole impression of depth is the fulcrum between the two dark areas supporting the picture to right and left, so the dark mass of foliage, ground or choppy se immediately behind the figures is the fulcrum between the two bright areas occupie respectively by the figures and the distance

But reduced to drawings, Claude's compositions surrender their balance in depth The cruder formula of the prosceniur device asserts itself, the shimmering distances resolve themselves into a mere back cloth. Since the spectator cannot enter th two-dimensional scene, he cannot receiv the Claudian vision and finds himsel altogether too conscious of the regularit of the structure.

On the other hand, the figures, which ar usually the weakest element in Claude paintings, play a more lively part in the records. Thrown into prominence by th smallness and shallowness of their stag they seem to have demanded fresh attentic from their creator. Where the figures in th paintings – even those who may nominal be dancing, herding animals or loading boat – pose and hold gestures as in son becalmed costume-drama, the figures in t drawings are on the go, whipping up the herds, milking a goat, splitting a log beating a tambourine. In the *Landsca with Diana and Actaeon*, one of the dra ings which records a lost painting (in th case 'faict pour paris Mr Tardif'), Diana a her nymphs are scrambling hastily out of river on to the near bank, while one them pauses to splash the offending Actae standing rigid on the further bank. I Tardif, one can guess, got a window ir the Age of Gold, its distance all the mc enticing for being half shut out by the t hill with its little temple immediately behi the bathers, but his naked ladies were sur nothing like so sprightly.

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Television

Ian Hamilton

That's Life

Who is to blame for the appalling conditions in gaols? asked *Panorama* (BBC-1) last Monday night, and at least one inmate had a resonant response: 'I blame Merlyn Reeves.' Getting the Home Secretary's name wrong is perhaps the least damaging consequence of spending a few years in stir, but somehow this faint slip of the tongue provided one of the edgiest moments in this anything but comfortable study of what it's really like to be inside. How little it would have mattered if the name had been got right.

Panorama had unprecedented access to some of the nastier corners of our gaols, and the more we were allowed to look at the more despondent we became. We were shown prisons originally built for 600 miserable souls now housing almost twice that number; three to a tiny cell, one 'overnight sanitary bucket' between the three of them, and showers, and change of socks and underwear, limited to one a week. A 'singularly undesirable situation', one prison governor pompously agreed; the prisoners themselves had much more vivid definitions: 'I never expected to be thrown into a shithole like this.' Apparently, '16,000 prisoners now share cells which even the Victorians considered suitable for only one.'

In this atmosphere, words like 'rehabilitation' tended to sound a little tinny, and it wasn't at all cheering to be shown an avuncular warder welcoming clear-eyed trusties to an open prison – that same open prison turned out to have 200 empty beds. Not everyone can be a trustie. And little wonder, when you see the prison letter-censoring operatives at work. Smug and prurient, these 'officers' open every letter that arrives at or attempts to leave the gaol. What are you looking for, exactly? Well, one may find a prisoner threatening his wife with awful reprisals should she be unfaithful – *that* sort of thing obviously can't be allowed through the net. Or, if one is really lucky, one might chance upon a lag who's been having an affair with an under-age girl – *that*, as you know, is against the law. But it's not against the law to write to girls of 16, is it? 'No, but this is a matter that must be dealt with case by case; if there are real grounds, of love etcetera, then it may be allowed.' The speaker didn't seem to me perfectly equipped to recognise on sight a case of 'love etcetera' but he certainly enjoyed his nasty job.

This, thankfully, wasn't true of officers in less literary branches of the service; indeed, morale among the screws was shown to be not far above that of the cons: 'All we can do is contain them – the job is going backwards.' This was a valuable *Panorama*, containing the seeds of at least three full-length documentaries (there should certainly be one on those lettermen) but we were offered little hope that the investigation would have any quick, or even slow, effect. Except, perhaps, to make the holiday-camp stoicism of Ronnie Barker's *Porridge* seem just a little less amusing next time round.

Depressing, then, to note that had *Raffles* (Yorkshire) been nabbed by the law his quarters would have been Albany style compared to what's nowadays on offer. Raffles, though, would probably have insisted on finding a corner in his cell for dog-like Bunny; in the opening episode of this new series, the ex-fag was looking even less ex- than usual, and was rewarded with extravagant bonuses from his Chief: 'You always were a plucky little chap at school', 'I never dreamt you had enough stuff in you, you determined little devil'. Antony Valentine played all this stylishly for laughs, and indeed got perilously close himself at times to not keeping a straight face: 'There are other countries where disgrace doesn't matter so much . . .California . . .' 'But, Raffles, the-the-England team!' 'England will have to learn to do without me.' With a script like that, one facial twitch, and the whole show could end up in Light Entertainment. And that's *not* funny.

Music

Andrew Clements

Free Hand

Cécile Ousset *Queen Elizabeth Hall*

We live in an era of pianists. If the inter-war years now seem to us a golden age of the violin, in retrospect the Sixties and Seventies will surely appear a treasury of the piano. No longer can we comfortably divide pianists into technicians and musicians and regard as exceptional those such as Rachmaninov and Lipatti who were both. Technical accomplishment has become a prerequisite which must be combined with artistry in any pianist of the first rank; now a performer of transcendental technique but minimal musicality is hailed as an 'old-fashioned virtuoso'. This preoccupation with exemplary keyboard manners yields performances tailor-made for the gramophone. The record companies wax never so lyrical as when they have captured a newly fledged keyboard star, whose entire repertoire is then committed to disc within a few years.

What makes Cécile Ousset so refreshing is that her performances have been able to develop free from the pressures of a recording contract. How she managed this is a mystery, for her pedigree is impeccable: first prize at the Paris Conservatoire at 14, the major European *grands prix* in her late teens and, at 26, the Van Cliburn Prize (named after the biggest nine-day pianistic wonder of all). Now in her early forties, Mlle Ousset has only recently made a name in Britain – her first record to be released over here, a selection of French *bonbons*, came out in 1974, and her appearances in London can still be counted on one hand. What we can hear at last is a pianist of formidable power and technique, with a crystalline tone that is capable of breath-taking veiled pianissimo. Although her interpretations are mature and obviously deeply considered, they constantly surprise. Generally she uses little rubato, pushing through passages that other artists dwell over, but occasionally she inflects a crucial phrase unpredictably and invigoratingly.

Temperamentally she is most suited to the romantic repertory. Although she began her recital with Beethoven's *Promètheus* Variations, in which a limpid account of the fugue did not unify a performance of beautiful moments but incomplete vision, the substance of her programme consisted of Chopin and Schumann. Chopin's B flat minor Sonata was memorable – a beautifully paced first movement of fascinating insight, a surprisingly powerful and heavy scherzo, relentlessly pressing funeral march and perfectly articulated finale. What was obvious from this last movement was that Cécile Ousset will not feign excitement by disappearing into a cloud of notes, being more concerned with clarity and precision than with cheap effect. *Carnaval* is even more difficult to bring off; I've never heard a totally successful performance, live or on record. Mlle Ousset's lightness was certainly appropriate, but there is more sentimentality in Schumann's conception than she allowed. Still, what one remembers is the excitement of many passages. Two encores by Chabrier followed – the *Bourrée fantasque* spun off with tremendous virtuosity and *élan*, one of the *Pièces pittoresques* warmly lyrical with silky closing arpeggios. Both pieces are on her record of French music (SDD-R435) – buy it, it's almost as good as the live performer.

Weekend Competition

No 2453 **Set by Gerry Hamill**

Sir Thomas More was the only Member of Parliament to be canonised. Surely there are others with strong claims. Twelve lines of verse, please, in the style of any Laureate, putting the case for any past or present politician. By 18 March.

No 2450 **Set by Fat Jeff**

Jimmy Carter admires Jimmy Dickie: we wondered what other American poets would make of their new President.

Report **by Little Keith**

The frail, queasy figure whom men once called Fat Jeff (he's lost two stone through sheer worry) can finally come out of hiding: a colossal folder, bulging with good things, lay on my desk this Friday. Lots of Longfellow, Whitman, Dickinson, and the like, all of whom are, however, so boring that even the deftest parody of their work is a torment to read. Consequently I stuck mainly to the moderns. £7 each.

Holy the kneecap! Holy the NEACP! Holy the WWMCCS!
Holy the Boeing 747! Holy the Pentagon!

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Holy the holocaust!
Holy the assholes of Georgia! Holy the CIA!
I am with you in Pennsylvania Avenue! I am with you in Carmel!
Blessed be Thee with fluff in thy navel! Blessed be the fluff!
I am in a fix! I can go on producing this stuff!
(etc, etc.) J. JUNIPER

Mycenae is fallen,
Mussolini also (et tu Brute)
and out of the South (like Mr Jefferson)
comes a new man, Carter, no red-neck
(rein de rouge, niente, nix)
no yid or nigger, a cleanser of Augean
stables (Augustus, maybe, my Maecenas)
to rid the stinking place
of all stinking usurers,
so what I sez is
EVVO ECCO VIVA
very loudly
several times, and maybe
(as the Tsetse said, 'There's always hope')
I can get my oar in
the thalassa, or my ass on the gravy
train. SIMON ANTHONY

i sing of Jimmy glad and big
toothed anyway
whose ma enquired what he meant
saying he'd be Presi-dent;
a presti-dental plain(s)man he
sure don't like dirty washing
tonians or shackersup. And
(wearing a jumper at the fire) assures
'There is some s. i will not stand.'

stand then with me and sing
of Jimmy the White
toothed anyway. W. S. BROWNLIE

Let us go then, hand in hand,
A gesture which we shrewdly planned
Like a movie last reel scene
Acting homey and very clean.
In the White House the folks all go
Jest the time I tell them so.

A plain Plains man who knows he's nuts
Who ifs all ifs and buts all buts,
Politic, and yet a family man
Employing a nigger felon for his chick,
A real good image-making plan,
Almost, you might say, the perfect hick.
I grow great . . . I grow great,
Which for Uncle Sam, and me, is fortunate.
ROBIN CHASE

there are teeth
and t th
EE
and t th
and t.e.e.t.h
and tEeTh
and te h
et cetera
all capped now
by jimmy's (magna cum laude)
TEETH
which smILE and SmILe
(shyly) at America
and promise nothing
but the
tooth
(-some smile)
TOM DONNELLY

Tony Miles

Chess

No 23 **Candidates**

The candidates' matches to decide who shall challenge Karpov for the world title are now under way. In one half of the draw Portisch (Hungary) meets Larsen (Denmark) in Holland, and Spassky (USSR?) plays Hort (Czechoslovakia) in Iceland. In the other half Mecking (Brazil) v Polugaevsky (USSR) is in progress in Switzerland and Petrosian (USSR) v Korchnoy (no fixed abode) in Italy.

It is an intriguing set of matches. Petrosian v Korchnoy is perhaps the most interesting of all. The two are bitter rivals and the animosity between them will not have been diminished by Korchnoy's defection. Petrosian will be under great pressure to beat him and the encounter may be more a war of nerves than a chess match.

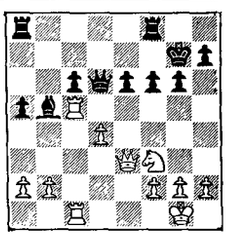
Of the eight I consider that only three have much chance against Karpov: Petrosian, Korchnoy and Mecking. Mecking is the most exciting prospect – his loss to Korchnoy three years ago was the result of wild time scrambles – and possibly this series will determine just how good he really is. Korchnoy lost what turned out to be the last title match 2—3, but should have a better chance outside Russia. Petrosian has a fine personal score against Karpov, and the world champion seems to have some difficulty playing against him. Witness, for instance, this week's game from the Soviet championship. The length of the game prohibits any substantial annotations, but the endgame is well worth studying.

White: T. Petrosian. **Black: A. Karpov.**

1. N-KB3, N-KB3; 2. P-B4, P-QN3; 3. P-KN3, B-N2; 4. B-N2, P-K3; 5. P-Q4, B-K2; 6. 0-0, 0-0; 7. N-B3, N-K5; 8. Q-B2, N x N; 9. Q x N, P-QB4; 10. R-Q1, P-Q3; 11. P-N3, N-Q2; 12. B-N2, N-B3; 13. P-Q5, P-K4?! (13 . . . P x P; 14. P x P, R-K1 intending B-KB1 – Smyslov), **14. N x P! P x N; 15. P-Q6, B x B; 16. Q x P; R-K1; 17. P x B, Q x P; 18. Q x Q, R x Q; 19. K x B, R x P; 20. B x N, P x B; 21. R-Q7, R-N7; 22. R-K1, R x RP; 23. R(K1)-K7, R-KB1; 24. R x RP, R x R** (if 24 . . . R-N7; 25. R-K3 is strong); **25. R x R, R-Q1; 26. R-N7, R-Q3; 27. P-KN4, K-N2; 28. P-B3, K-N3; 29. K-N3, P-R4** (fearing a gradual squeeze black gives up a P to try to liquidate to a drawn ending); **30. P x Pch, K x P; 31. R x BP, R-Q6; 32. R x P, R x P; 33. K-B4, R-N5; 34. K-B5, R x P; 35. R x P** (in many positions R and h+fPs v R is drawn, but here the BK is badly placed and the BP doesn't help much), **R-B8; 36. R-QB6, P-B5; 37. R-B8, K-R3; 38. K-B6, K-R2; 39. P-B4, R-B7; 40. P-B5, P-B6; 41. P-R3, R-B8; 42. P-R4, R-B7; 43. P-R5, R-B8; 44. K-B7, R-B7; 45. P-B6, R-B8; 46. K-K7, P-B7; 47. K-B7, K-R3; 48. R-B5** (one unsuccessful try was 48 . . . R-R8ch, K-N4; 49. R-N8ch, K x P; 50. R-N2. K-R5! 51. K-N7, K-R6; 52. P-B7, K x R; 53. P-B8=Q, R-KN8!), **K-R2; 49. R-B6, K-R3; 50. K-B8, K-R2!** (50 . . . K x P? 51. P-B7 wins) **51. R-B7ch, K-R1; 52. P-B7, R-QR8!** (not 52 . . . K-R2; 53. P-R6! K x P; 54. K-N8) **53. R x P, R-R1ch, 54. K-K2, R-R2ch; 55. K-B6, R-R6ch; 56. K-N5, R-R4ch; 57. K-N4, R-R5ch; 58. K-N3, R-R6ch; 59. K-N2, K-N2; 60. R-KB2, K-B1; 61. R-B5, R-R3! 62. K-N3, R-R3; 63. K-N4 Draw agreed** (63 . . . R-R2).

Problem 23:

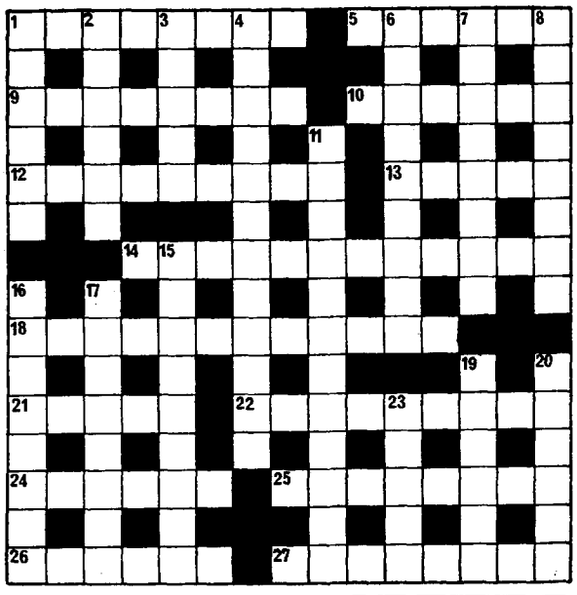
White to play. How should the game go? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than Wednesday 16 March.



Solution to Problem 21: 1 . . . P-R5! 2. P x P, B-N5! 3. P-K6, P-N6! 4. P-K7 (or 4. B x B, P x P! 5. P-K7 P-B8=Q; 6. P-K8=Q, Q-N7ch; 7. K-R6, P-B7 winning!), B x P; 5. P x P, B-N5! 6. B-B2, B-B4; 7 B-K1, P-B7; 8. B x P, B x B; Resigns.

Weekend Crossword 1205

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1205, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 15 March.



ACROSS

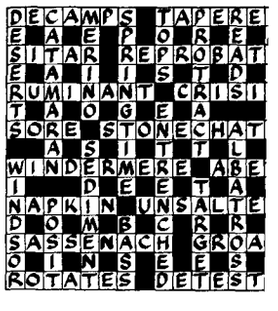
1. The finest way of travelling is to cover the ground on foot (8).
5. Prevent a Scotsman being light-weight (6).
9. Impractical person who makes plan appear wrecked (8).
10. An inventor in bed is only human (6).
12. Kind of travel which covers ground with art (5, 4).
13. It's a party, so give the old chap a ring (5).
14. Potatoes where the early corn is situated (5, 7).
18. He chases crooks and is found in eating places (7, 5).
21. Name for a part of the world where there is no morning (5).
22. It takes time and money to produce evidence of faulty washers (9).
24. Sad return of skill in smoking? (6).
25. Greek turns nice after being very unpleasant (8).
26. Winter transport in South Lancashire town (6).
27. Adventure era in flight (8).

DOWN

1. Makes come north in ships (6).
2. Observe a tool go up and down (6).
3. Annoyed when a state came first (5).
4. Sad record being played after it's time for bed? (12).
6. Star a man is about to exclude (9).
7. Place which would give thanks if the craze disappeared (8).
8. Some go on appearing as an animal (8).
11. Ate, for example (5, 7).
15. Copying one before getting married without it (9).
16. It stands up to fire with the finest in an emergency (8).
17. Be reluctant to make a man take his place above a goddess (8).
19. Bachelor about to brin tears to a woman (6).
20. 'Nor let the beetle, nor th death-moth be You mournful ——' (Keats) (6
23. Cross island (5).

SETSQUAR

Solution to No 1203



Prizewinners to No 1203

Ms N. Valentine (London SE1
J. S. Hawker (Saltdean)
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Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Director (Arts) at the Foundation's London headquarters in succession to Anthony Wraight recently appointed Drama Director of the Scottish Arts Council. The post involves administering an important programme primarily to assist the arts outside London including individual awards to artists, the arts in education and community arts. The successful applicant will probably be in his or her middle or late thirties with practical experience in at least one of the above fields and proven administrative ability including the drafting of papers for Committees. Salary is commensurate with the responsibility.

Applications including full curriculum vitae should reach Peter Brinson, Director of the Branch at 98 Portland Place, London W1N 4ET, by not later than 21 March, 1977.

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The production of existing monthly Bulletin, annual Handbook and occasional Press articles; the future development of a series of advisory pamphlets and of publications on the role of the industry in various fields; recruiting literature; general external relations.

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(Area 3) INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS, TRAINING, LEGISLATION

The strengthening of the Association's existing interests and activities and to extend their scope in one or more of these fields.

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Write, in confidence, for further details and brief form of application to:— **R. C. Sansom, B.Sc. (Eng), FICE, Director, The Contractors' Plant Association, 28 Eccleston Street, London SW1W 9PY.**

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Applications to Box 6654.

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required for Forum (the internal academic advisory board of the Architectural Association School of Architecture). The post will involve up to two days work per week and one evening per fortnight.

Typing is essential and shorthand desirable. Initiative and the ability to take concise notes and write minutes are of overriding importance. Salary by negotiation.

Applications in writing to:
The Secretary,
Architectural Association School of Architecture,
34-36 Bedford Square,
London WC1B 3ES.

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a national charity serving the voluntary movement with over 500 national and local organisations in membership, invites applications for the post of

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The department's main activities are PUBLIC RELATIONS AND INFORMATION. This is a senior management post requiring a knowledge of the social services, particularly voluntary organisations, and the ability to write well and speak in public.

Salary scale £5,662-£7,271 p.a., including London Weighting; starting point unlikely to be above £6,332 p.a. Four weeks annual leave; superannuation scheme; subsidised lunches.

Further details and application form from: **the Administrator, NCSS, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HU. 01-636 4066.**

Closing date 14 March 1977.

Applications are invited to fill two new posts as

NEGOTIATIONS OFFICERS

at the Headquarters of the

SOCIETY OF CIVIL AND PUBLIC SERVANTS

to provide support to the Secretariat. Experience in Civil Service, or Public Sector, Trade Union activity and of the Civil Service Whitley Council machinery desirable. Ability to communicate effectively is essential.

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Applications should include particulars of age, educational qualifications, present and previous employment and trade union experience. These must be received not later than Friday 11 March 1977 addressed to the **General Secretary, Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/126 Southwark Street, London SE1.**

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DIRECTOR OF STUDIES

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A vacancy now exists for a new post of Director of Studies at Woodstock Residential College, nr Surbiton, Surrey. This College organises a wide range of shop steward courses on a number of subjects; including,

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Job Evaluation
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Industrial Democracy
Public Speaking

The person appointed will be required to work with the National Education Officer, in the organisation of courses relating to these subjects, and will be required to lecture on these courses.

The salary will be, subject to review, about £5,000 per annum.

Candidates must show evidence of having worked in the Trade Union Movement and of having some suitable academic qualifications. Applications should be made setting out fully the candidates experience to:

Brian H. Willey,
National Education Officer,
GMWU,
Woodstock College, Woodstock Lane North,
Long Ditton, Surbiton, Surrey.

The closing date for applications Friday 25 March 1977.

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£5,415 – £6,033)

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24 hour Ansafone service for application forms. Please telephone Winchester 4411 Ext. 313 during office hours, or Winchester 3532 after office hours quoting reference 0222/NST) or write to the County Personnel Officer, The Castle, Winchester. For further information about the post please speak to Anthony Covell on Winchester 64221.

Closing date 21.3.77

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CENTRE FOR RUSSIAN AND EAST EUROPEAN STUDIES

Applications are invited for a temporary Lectureship in Russian Studies. The post is vacant for the academic year 1977/78, consequent upon the secondment of Professor R. W. Davies to a research post on an SSRC project. Preference will be given to candidates specialising in Russian and Soviet economic history. Salary within the range £3,333-£6,655 (plus superannuation), depending on qualifications and experience.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Assistant Registrar (Senate Division), University of Birmingham, P.O. Box 363, Birmingham B15 2TT, to whom applications, together with names of 3 referees, should be submitted by 6 April 1977.

TEACHING ENGLISH AS A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

Applications are invited for temporary summer appointments at the following school:

European Language and Educational Centre, 4 July-23 September 1977, (minimum 3 weeks).

Please write to THE PRINCIPAL, EUROCENTRE, 36z HONOR OAK ROAD, FOREST HILL, LONDON SE23 3SN.

UNIVERSITY OF BOTSWANA AND SWAZILAND
(University College of Swaziland)

Applications are invited for the post of
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Applicants should have a Masters degree or PhD in Adult Education plus at least three year's experience in teaching adults at a University. The appointee will be expected to assist the Director in planning, executing and monitoring University adult education programmes in Swaziland; to run the Division's research and adult education training programmes, and to teach adult education courses in the Faculty of Education.

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Detailed application (3 copies), including a curriculum vitae and naming three referees should be forwarded not later than 29 March 1977 to the Registrar, University College of Swaziland, Private Bag, Kwaluseni, Swaziland.

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Application forms and conditions of employment can be obtained from: The Administration and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London SW1P 3JA. Tel: 01-834 9434.

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Further information and application forms may be obtained from: **Mr D. H. Allen, Schools Council, 160 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6LL. Tel: 01-580 0352 Ext. 351.**
Closing date for receipt of applications is Friday 25 March.

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Vol. 93 No. 2398

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Portland Hall, School of Communication, Polytechnic of Central London, 18-22 Riding House Street, W1, (01-486 5811 ext 6527 or 6513).

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Federalism and Devolution' will be given by Professor S. R. Davis (Monash University, Australia) at The London School of Economics, Board Room, Houghton St, WC2 at 5 p.m. on 10 March 1977. Adm. free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 8 March 'Hermann Hesse's Theodicy' by Dr A. H. Wagner; 10 March 'Hotel des Invalides' and 'Ferdinand the Bull' (Disney cartoon).

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BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 5 March 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 7 March 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Zen Centre Public Lecture 7 p.m. 'The Tao of Practice' — Irmgard Schloegl. Wed. 9 March 6.30 p.m. 'Mahayana & Theravada Buddhism' — Two separate Study Classes. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

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